THE ENGLISH REVIEW

26th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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NOVEMBER, 1932

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A dream suggested by the interview with Mr. Gollancz in "The Sunday Times," in reply to the attack on "The Outline for Boys and Girls," in which he said:

"If among the signatories to the letter condemning the 'Outline' I had found a modern St. Francis, or a living Father Damien, I should be more impressed."

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

NOVEMBER, 1932

The Children's Outline

THE publication of the Mitchison - Gollancz "Outline for Boys and Girls" is an even more important event than the protest against it by the leaders of the Protestant Churches. It represents the first open attack by a group of fairly representative writers not only, or even mainly, on Christianity, but on the European tradition, and on the established standards of historic, æsthetic and moral judgment which has built up what we know as European civilization. It may be said that the attack is clumsy, undocumented, and so lacking either in moral or intellectual authority as to be unworthy of further attention. Public attention, however, was called to the book, not by the Archbishop of York, Lord Irwin, Dr. Scott Lidgett, and their fellow-signatories, but by the publisher, who spent several hundreds of pounds in advertising the book. The striking tributes to its reliability, completeness and value which he had obtained from politicians, soldiers, educationists and ministers of the Christian religion. The deliberate attempt to get such a book, by such means, into the hands of children is an extremely significant event.

"Objective Truth"

THE attempt has been defended by its authors on the ground that the book, though unpalatable to Christians, is nothing but a statement of objective truth. We regret to be unable to regard this defence as made in good faith. An outline of civilization which makes no reference to Jesus Christ, an outline of world history

which makes no reference to the Church of Christ, an outline of art which dismisses the great Flemish and Italian schools of painting in two lines is not objectively true; it is either a deliberate or an inadvertent fabrication. Does any one pretend that it is the latter? Nor is such a statement as that if we Buy British we shall throw foreigners out of work objectively true. It is, on the contrary, demonstrably false. It is not even good free-trade theory.

The Essentials of Education

IT may be argued that Christianity is false; that modern art is the only art which possesses significance for modern minds (there is, unfortunately, some reason for thinking that this scepticism as to the intellectual capacity of the modern mind is not without justification), that the culture of the Mohammedans and the Mongols is really more important than that of Europe in the splendid prime of her civilization. These things, we repeat, can be argued. But what is not for a moment arguable is that a child can understand anything at all about the world he lives in if he is not told about the life and death of Christ, about the central institution of western civilization, and about those achievements in art and literature between 1300 A.D. and 1700 A.D. which have dominated the mind of Europe for so many centuries. These things are, at the very lowest, historical events which have determined and shaped every feature of the world we live in to-day.

Practical Christianity

MR. Gollancz is good enough to call his book practical Christianity. Since Christ is not mentioned in the book, it follows that the only form of Christianity which Mr. Gollancz considers practical is Christianity without

Christ. Mrs. Mitchison is equally eclectic. Her book, she says, is " a great call " (the reticent modesty of the epithet may be noted in passing) " to loving one's neighbour as oneself." We should prefer to call it an intermittent falsetto rather than a great call, but for the sake of peace and quiet we will accept it as a fact that the purpose of the book is to popularize the second of the two commandments of Christianity. But this kind of eclecticism is either wilful or stupid. The first commandment of Christianity is not to love our neighbour, but to love and to serve a personal God, and Mrs. Mitchison and many of her contributors deny the existence of such a God. We do not complain of this. People have been denying the existence of God since the world began. What we complain of is the insincere pretence that the book is not a piece of anti-Christian propaganda. It was this denial of an obvious fact which drew a timely, necessary and cogent protest from the leaders of the Protestant Churches. It is time the protest was endorsed by the Christian laity in this country.

The Need for Better Criticism

WE return to where we began. This book—excellent in parts, beneath contempt in others—is of importance because it represents, all professions to the contrary notwithstanding, the first open attempt to popularize not secularism, but a definitely communist anti-Christian and anti-European ideology. It is an attempt, clumsy and ill-informed, but patently sincere, to capitalize, in the interests of the revolutionary parties, the wide distrust and uneasiness with which western bourgeois society is universally regarded, and to attack, by playing on that distrust, the religion which is to-day the only firm and unshaken enemy of the world revolution. The attack will continue. But it will certainly not succeed if its scope and purpose are clearly realized, and the absurdity of its

intellectual pretensions fully understood. We draw the special attention of our readers for this reason to Mr. Arnold Lunn's article " The Scandal of the Outline " in this number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. We wish the daily Press, by exercising its proper function of independent and searching criticism in its own initiative, had made it unnecessary to say much of what is here said. In these times the literary critics should exercise more care in appraising political, artistic and anti-religious propaganda put out in the guise of history and science. We have no objection to such propaganda. We are not in the least afraid of it. But we want it done honestly and openly.

Tariffs and Trade

THE growth in unemployment continues and will sooner or later result in a strong wave of hostility to the National Government. There will be two main lines of attack—the free trade attack, and the anti-economy drive. The former will not be a serious menace, because even if it were true that protection had done nothing to diminish unemployment—which is not the case—it would remain public knowledge that the dislocation of our commerce and the ruin of our agriculture were the direct legacy of the free trade system. But the reaction from economy will be more serious. The case is being argued as usual on two grounds—the ground of hardship and the ground that expenditure promotes trade. The economists who write to the " Times " to urge that ratepayers who want new amenities should insist on having them in the interests of trade cannot, however, be congratulated on their acumen. It is perfectly true that a private individual who keeps a large bank balance and curtails his private expenditure is doing harm at the moment, but that is because the condition of industry precludes the useful and productive investment of his savings. Hence the present

price of gilt-edged securities. But what has produced this condition in industry?

Extravagance and Unemployment

PRIMARILY, this condition results from the activities of the central and local governments, which begin by spending our income for us on unproductive and often directly harmful enterprises and subsidies and end by finding that the independent industries on whom they rely for their cash are bankrupt. We thus have a vicious circle, for the bankruptcy of industry leads to sudden and drastic reduction in State salaries and the quasi-repudiation of State obligations. This leads to a further reduction in effective demand and thus to the further impoverishment of industry. But the second cycle of disadvantages is but the inevitable consequence of the first. The money for new local extravagances does not come out of the dormant bank balance of millionaires who have laid up their yachts, but from the tills of small shopkeepers and the overdrafts of manufacturers struggling to keep their place in the world's markets. To suggest that a return to the era of local and national extravagance which ended in the crisis of last year will to-day bring a return to prosperity is feckless and foolish. If such a notion gains currency, the present conditions of the unemployed is paradise compared to what it will be in a year's time.

Wise Spending

THE blunder is the less excusable because there is no theoretic difficulty in distinguishing between wise and foolish economy. To defer spending money which you intend to spend is foolish, when the bank rate makes it clear that industry has no real demand for your money in the interval. Suddenly to spend less than you usually spend is foolish when it is unnecessary, because it creates dislocation. But to cease to levy unnecessary tolls on

productive and competitive industry in order to provide non-essential and non-productive services is mere sanity. Admittedly it is as hard to define what expenditure is unnecessary and what is productive as it is easy to characterize the expenditure so defined. But let us at least make an intelligent effort. If we really think that the leaders of British industry can do no better with their assets than to realize them and hand them over to build municipal swimming-baths, then the sooner we all cut our throats the better. But the objection to this kind of woolliness goes further.

The need for a Positive Policy

THERE is only one cure for unemployment and that is permanent re-employment. That simple analysis ought to lead to a clear and important conclusion. We have either to re-establish our old industries or to create new ones. Instead of facing the issue in the concrete, politicians of all parties prefer to rely on vague schemes for promoting general well-being. They talk learnedly of the need for re-distributing gold or foolishly of re-establishing world peace by holding conferences. They argue obstinately for a return to something vaguely called free trade, or with equal obstinacy for something vaguely called protection; or despairing of these remedies they ask us to inflate, to re-flate, or to deflate. These questions are all of the first importance, but no wise decisions on any of them can be taken until the politicians have made up their minds as to their objective. Tactics depends on strategy and strategy on policy. No juggling either with tariffs or currency is going to re-establish our coal or textile export industries. No tariffs can recapture the markets for other manufactures in countries recently industrialized and deliberately protected against foreign imports of competitive goods. We must tackle the problem from the other end. We must choose, out of the very limited number of policies which are definitely

practical, those which we propose to adopt. Then we must frame our tariff policy, our currency policy and our foreign policy accordingly.

Three Practical Objectives

THE three practical objectives which can with a real effort be secured are the following: (1) under proper guarantees to the consumer we must reserve the home market to the home producer wherever he is able to supply the internal demand at a reasonable price; (2) we must assist by legislative action, directed to the removal of all subsidies, the campaign for coal utilization; (3) we must re-establish our agriculture in the direction of livestock and dairy farming.

We publish this month the first of two important articles by Lord Lymington on the re-establishment of agriculture. In view of the impending "tariff talks" with Scandinavia and the Argentine, these articles are of exceptional importance. It is necessary to make up our minds, and, having done so, to make up the minds of our rulers, on the future of British agriculture. Lord Lymington states his case cogently and clearly. We have yet to read any even tolerably convincing reply. If there is a reply, let it be made. But let those who attempt it realize that their first task is to produce an alternative scheme for the *certain* and *permanent* re-employment of 500,000 men.

Coal Utilization

AND so with coal. Every member of Parliament will of course have read, by the time these notes appear, Captain Bernard Acworth's brilliant book "Back to the Coal Standard." Here again we have a concrete issue. Those who think, and apparently some people do, that it is contrary to economic law to use our own fuel rather than depreciate our currency and ruin the manhood of whole towns and villages by importing foreign fuel, must

face the alternative to coal utilization. It is to find immediate employment for 300,000 miners, and in the next few years for another 100,000 at least. How are they going to do it? Let them go to the mining districts with their plans, if they have got them, and they will win every mining seat in the country. It is, perhaps, still necessary to answer the classical free trade argument on this point. If we buy foreign coal, we shall be told, we shall sell the equivalent in manufactured goods, and if we fail to buy foreign fuel, our exports will fall off proportionately. If so, why did we find ourselves faced last autumn with a crisis directly produced by a continuous rise in imports and a continuous fall in exports? The fact, of course, is that imports are only paid for by exports where the exports are (*a*) needed, and (*b*) available at competitive prices. Otherwise they are paid for by the liquidation of investments abroad, by the foreign purchase of capital assets here, and/or by currency depreciation. These are the three short, swift and easy steps to the status of a second-class power. We were standing on the bottom step a year ago. To-day we have clambered tediously back to level ground. Are we to begin the slippery descent once more?

Ottawa

THE Ottawa Conference has not failed. The idea that because only a few British industries will benefit immediately the agreements should be condemned is absurd. Any reduction of tariff barriers against our manufacturers is a clear and sensible economic gain. The gain is necessarily small. The Conference was held twenty-five years too late. But that is not the fault of the Conservative party.

India and Ireland

THE relations between the Indian peoples and the Southern Irish and Great Britain present far more

difficult problems than the trade relations with the other Dominions and Colonies. Friendly relations between ourselves and Southern Ireland can be re-established, but not by conferences aimed at manufacturing new grievances. The plain fact is that Ireland has been ill-treated by England in the distant past, and England by Ireland in the recent past. The substance of the grievances has now been removed and the bitterness only remains. It will not be healed by controversy or by the surrender of just claims. The situation has only one redeeming feature. It shows us clearly the futility of a constitutional relationship which assumes a realized community of interest which, in fact, is realized only by one party to the relationship. The lesson for the Government of India is clear.

The Conditions of Constitutional Progress

CONSTITUTIONAL relationships must be determined by the true interests, realistically determined, of both parties. They must then be fixed and embodied in a framework sufficiently durable to enable the real community of interest to be learnt from experience. If experience fails to teach the lesson it will be because the lesson is false, because statesmanship, fulfilling its obligation of independent judgment has, nevertheless, erred in its judgment. The fact that error is possible even to the wisest does not, however, diminish by one jot or tittle the imperative moral obligation of forming a judgment and acting up to it with uncompromising determination.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The National Government and the Future

By Earl Winterton, P.C., M.P.

THE Government has, ever since its formation, suffered from Press criticism and adulation, both alike of an undiscriminating nature.

The critics are of two classes: those who object to the Protectionist nature of the policy of the Government, and those who say that that policy has not gone far enough. Even in a country where evidence of clear and logical thinking is not very marked, it should have been obvious from the first that a Government with a majority of Conservatives in it, and a huge array of Conservative Members of Parliament behind it, would adopt Protection as one of the remedies for the prevailing industrial depression. Those politicians, like Sir Herbert Samuel, and newspapers like the *News-Chronicle*, who are still dyed in the wool Free Traders, should never have agreed to give the Prime Minister a free hand if Protection, in their opinion, was the great enemy. Indeed, they should never have supported the Government at all.

It is no answer to refer to the fact that leading members of the Government, belonging to different parties, at the last Election said that Free Trade or Protection was not the issue. Of course it was not. The issue was the threatened bankruptcy of the country as a result of gross Socialist mismanagement of National finances with Liberal connivance.

But it was crystal clear from the moment that it was announced a General Election would take place that a Protectionist fiscal policy would be one of the remedies to be applied.

The Samuelite-Liberals and Lord Snowden have manufactured a bogus grievance over their treatment. They have only themselves to blame. Holding, as they evidently do, the opinion that Protection is as deadly to national interests as even the most destructive Socialism,

they should have avoided its imposition by offering to form a Government with the minority of Socialists in the late Government who were willing to face the facts of the situation last autumn. Conservative support for the duration of the crisis would have been forthcoming without Conservative participation in office. Sir Herbert Samuel and Lord Snowden could then have put into operation their policy, whatever it may be (for we have never been told), for restoring national solvency and the balance of trade without any fiscal restrictions upon the freedom of trade. It is permissible to assume that the reason why they did not take this course was that they wished the Conservative Party to share with them direct responsibility for unpopular measures of economy which they knew to be inevitable.

Lord Beaverbrook and his newspapers have, from the commencement, attacked the Government both for the tardiness with which they have applied Protection and for the inadequate scope of the duties imposed. Lord Beaverbrook believes fervently in a great principle—that of encouragement to, and security for, the sorely-tried producers (especially agriculturists) in this country. His enthusiasm leads him to demand faster progress than is possible by a Government composed of diverse elements. The criticism of his newspapers has been damaging to the Government, and also unfair in some respects, when one considers how much has been done in a year to advance along the road towards empire economic unity, as well as erect the outer structure of a protective system for producers at home. At the same time, Lord Beaverbrook's enemies (who are neither unimportant nor uninfluential) within the Conservative Party would do well to acknowledge the undoubted fact that, without his instigation and encouragement, that Party and the National Government would never have reached the point which it has in the matter of tariffs. He can reasonably hope to make them push on a little further. It is an ironic commentary on the mutability of politicians'

views, to read what some leading Conservative statesmen said on the subject of food duties two short years ago, when the Party was having a dispute with Lord Beaverbrook.

The flatterers of the Government have done it as much harm as its critics. Especially does this apply to its Press supporters. These newspapers are certainly entitled to claim that both the formation of a National Government and its subsequent actions strengthened the morale of the British people, and enhanced their prestige abroad. But when the Government Press carries its belief in the indispensability of the Government to the point where it condones, as it did last February, the gravest breach which we have had for a century or more in the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility, it is doing no good service to the country. When, too, it suggests, after the resignation of the largest and, in some respects, most influential section of the Liberals in the Government, that really there has been very little change in the situation (a few weeks ago the same newspapers were saying that those resignations would be a calamity), it is plainly not being accurate. It is not helping to solve our problems to say, "This is a National Government; you must not criticize it, because it is a National Government; anyone who criticizes it is clearly an enemy of it; you must not, because it is a National Government, ask it to do this, or refrain from doing that; you must not ask for its policy in advance; it must be allowed to decide what that policy is, as it goes along, for it is a National Government." Yet this exactly represents the attitude of the newspapers who support the Government *sans phrase*.

The case for the Government remaining in office for the full term of this Parliament, and for its continuance, if successful at the polls, in the next, is a strong one; but as yet it has been put in an unconvincing way by many members of the Government, and by most of its supporters. Doubtful and weak points in its favour

have been over-emphasized; good ones have been ignored.

First in importance in considering the future of the Government is the urgent need for a long-term policy, embracing financial, currency, industrial, and fiscal subjects. An essential approach to trade recovery is reasonable assurance that a united Government, sufficiently powerful to impose its will, is determined to apply certain principles in economics and stick to them. Let readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW think what a relief it would be to have a full statement from the Government of its policy, coupled with a declaration that it intended to carry out that policy as rapidly as possible, but that it will necessarily take time, perhaps a full decade, to bring it to fruition. For that reason it asks for the continued support of the electorate, but on clear and definite lines.

Unfortunately, the Government take a different attitude. We are told that a National Government is necessary during the "crisis." But we are not told, as we ought to be, that the crisis, in the sense that the next eight or ten years will probably decide the fate of British industry, will last at least until the end of the 1930's.

Again, we are told that during the "crisis" ordinary Party and polemical warfare ought to, and must, cease. But how can it, when one considers the circumstances?

Some of the most controversial questions of our time are under dispute, such as whether the British Empire shall be turned into an economic entity, or whether it shall, each year, gradually, almost imperceptibly, dissolve, like a beach which the sea is destroying. The whole Socialist Party, save the Prime Minister's small following, is in Opposition; the greater part of the Liberal Party is also in Opposition, for no one who reads Liberal newspapers can doubt that Sir Herbert Samuel and his followers will find causes other than tariffs for dissatisfaction with the Government.

The Government should face the situation boldly, and fight with vigour in Parliament and out.

It has this immense advantage: the majority of electors still support it, and neither Mr. Lansbury and his followers, nor Mr. Lloyd George or Sir Herbert Samuel and his, commend themselves on personal or political grounds to responsible public opinion.

At this point I feel I must criticize Mr. Baldwin's methods at the moment. Instead of advocating, with all the force at his disposal (as he did so admirably on platforms before the events of last August), the tariff and imperial economic policy of the Government, he refers to it sometimes as an "experiment," sometimes as an "expedient." He suggests that in two or three years' time the whole issue between Free Trade and Protection will be dead—a most improbable prophecy. Moreover, I have myself heard him say in the past that there was work for twenty years in rebuilding the economic foundations of the Empire. Mr. Baldwin here illustrates a defect of one of his virtues. He has done good service to the State and the Conservative Party by studious moderation of statement, by an avoidance of unnecessary controversy, and by a constant desire to allay suspicion and mistrust through a conciliatory approach to everything. But there are times when hard fighting and rough words are necessary, and this is one of them.

The Government will have to take further unpopular measures of economy during the coming winter; there is no reason to doubt that their followers in the House of Commons will support them, even at the risk of losing their seats at the next Election, if they are asked to do so in the right way. Politicians, like every other body of men and women who follow leaders, want something to cheer and something to "bite on." The Prime Minister, who is popularly supposed to think that he is not *persona grata* with Conservative back benchers, enjoys far more respect and even affection among them than is sometimes apparent when he speaks. For his speeches,

as a result partly of ill-health, partly of outside preoccupations, and partly of a kind of tiresome sentimentalism, have not gripped the present House. Even in these days of exiguous Press reports of speeches, and with a very complacent membership in the Commons, it does matter whether debates go well or badly for the Government. To use a football or polo term, both Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill are generally "loose," because the only two men in the Government really able to "mark" them are the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Runciman. Even they are outmatched in debating skill by the two ever-green veterans I have mentioned.

There are also a number of men in different parts of the House, on the back benches, who have held office, in some cases in several Governments. Naturally, they have acquired a knowledge of the House, and skill in debate. It does not look well when a number of them put a case (as happened in the currency debates last June) of a formidable, even if perfectly answerable, character, to have a perfunctory reply that the Government's policy will be announced in due course.

The Lausanne debate at the end of last session was almost grotesquely mismanaged, with the result that honours went easily to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, which should not have happened.

The Government possesses a number of men—still young in the Parliamentary sense—of first-rate ability, who have sufficient knowledge, tact and experience, not only to be in charge of a particular debate, but to lead the House itself. But too little use is still made of most of them; it is depressing for supporters of the Government to hear a case presented, inadequately and without distinction, by some senior Member of that Government, when by his side sits a junior colleague who could do the job much better. Nor does lobby opinion, usually accurate in such matters, ascribe to the particular senior Ministers whom I have in mind, any marked competence

in the administration of their offices. So one is driven to the conclusion that they are there rather for their past services and their names, than for their present abilities.

The Government should use its full debating power and strength to expound both its record and the case for its continuance to the House and to the country. Especially will this be necessary between now and Christmas, when the Ottawa agreements, involving as they do tariffs and restrictions here to save British and Dominion producers from complete disaster, will be under discussion. It should be pointed out, from a thousand platforms, that British productive industry, in farm and factory, must be given the means to survive, and that the consumer can no longer be allowed to benefit by prices which mean its ruin. Courage and consistency will be needed to support the Government's case. Courage is needed to face the fact, so often ignored by politicians, that each rose in the garden has a thorn, and that what matters in every scheme of political, indeed of human, endeavour, is whether the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

In an article which I wrote in THE ENGLISH REVIEW last year, I said that much was expected of the National Government, and that its existence for the lifetime of this Parliament depended upon its actions, since, unlike a Party Government, it had no mere mechanical majority behind it.

By vigorous word and deed it must continue, unfalteringly, to justify its existence.

The Scandal of the Outline*

By Arnold Lunn

O si tacuisses, philosophus mensisses. Boethius

THERE are atheists and atheists. Had Mr. Gollancz invited Mr. Cole, rather than Mrs. Mitchison, to edit "An Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents," we should have had a very different and a much better book. Mr. Cole is a scholar with considerable sympathy for the Middle Ages, and an understanding of the influence of Christianity on civilization. It is significant that Mrs. Cole, who does contribute to this book, recommends Eileen Power's "Mediæval People" and Helen Wadell's "The Wandering Scholars." Both Mr. and Mrs. Cole agree that it is probably as important for young people to know something about the mediæval attitude as to discover that Mr. Gerald Heard possesses a Siamese cat which he teases (page 420).

The Index of this *Outline* sent me to page 585 in search of information about Christianity. There I learned that "most of the peoples of the world belong to one of the three great religions, Christianity, Mohammedanism or Hindooism." Further information on Christianity, apart from incidental sneers, is crowded out, perhaps to find room for the information that Mr. Olaf Stapledon, (who tells us that modern knowledge has made nonsense of the belief in immortality), "went into a shipping office and lost £20 of the petty cash, which is a thing I always think must be so easy to do, and after that he became interested in ethics."

But apparently not interested enough to discover that Christianity has contributed many interesting ideas to ethics; one need not be a Roman Catholic—in fact, one need only read a little history—to realize that the Catholic Church salvaged civilization during the Dark Ages, and

* "Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents," edited by Naomi Mitchison. (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)

that the Church tamed and educated the barbarians who swept down from the North, and founded all our great seats of learning. It was Thomas Huxley who asserted that the mediæval universities " had as clear and generous a comprehension of culture as any modern university." One need not be a Christian to realize that Europe owes a debt to the religion which inspired Chaucer and Dante, Bellini and Van Eyck, and which built St. Mark's and Chartres Cathedral. The contrast between that dream of beauty, Venice in the fourteenth century, and the barren ugliness of Victorian Baker Street might evoke, even in Mrs. Mitchison, an uneasy doubt as to the inevitability of progress. If Mr. Cole had been editing this book, he would, I am sure, have had something to say about the mediæval guilds. The very word " Guild," as Mr. Cole has pointed out, does " stand for a morality in industry which we have lost." Even a progress-mongerer, if he knew the facts, would realize that we have a long way to go before we can begin to recapture the great ideals which inspired the mediæval Guilds, ideals which were primarily religious. A Guild was organized, first and foremost, to secure fair treatment for all its members, rich and poor; and, secondly, to secure a high standard of workmanship. Profits were a secondary consideration. If bad material was found by Guild inspectors among the possessions of workmen, that material was confiscated. Lord Conway, in his book, " Early Flemish Painters," quotes the regulation of a Guild of Leather-workers which provided that, if any member was fortunate enough to acquire a lot of leather of more than ordinary excellence, he was bound to hand over half to the Guild at the same price as he had paid for it, so that his fellows might share his good fortune. The social festivities arranged for Guild members provoke from Lord Conway the following reflection: " Compare these conditions with the barrenness of the modern working-man's life, and it will be apparent that the mediæval arrangement was far

superior. . . . notwithstanding the aristocratic organization of mediæval life, the strong line of division between rich and poor did not then exist. That has been one of the most conspicuous products of the insane 'liberty, equality and fraternity,' under the echoes of which the revolutionists of Paris banished the reality of all three from the soil of Europe."

The Index to Mrs. Mitchison's "Outline" will repay study. Lenin is mentioned in the Index, but not Jesus Christ; the book, indeed, should have been called "B.C. 4 and none of that." Isadora Duncan is mentioned, but not St. Francis, Luther or John Wesley. This book, which includes an outline of history, has space for Napoleon III, but not for Napoleon I. In their passion for modernity, Mrs. Mitchison and her contributors conscientiously ignore not only our religious, but also our cultural past. "British people, achievements of," in the Index sent me to page 542, where I learnt that "the British people have been clever at building bridges and harbours and ships, and at making iron and steel and woollen and cotton goods." Not a word of our cultural past; not a hint that we have some right to be proud that we "speak the speech that Shakespeare spake." Neither Scott, nor Thackeray nor Dickens is referred to in the Index. Milton is, of course, not mentioned, perhaps because we no longer hold "the faith and morals which Milton held." Shelley, in spite of his atheism, is omitted. These moderns have no more use for poets than for saints.

Professor Gleadowe contrives to write about Art without mentioning Giotto, Van Eyck, the Bellini brothers, Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Goya, Greco, Velazquez, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Whistler or Turner. But he finds room not only to mention, but to reproduce the works of modern artists who are not yet known to fame. "There is," writes Professor Gilbert Murray, in a review of this book, "almost no surer sign of mental vacuity than eagerness to admire 'the last

thing' combined with a contempt for the last but one or two. I hesitate to differ from Professor Gleadowe, but I would really ask him if an intelligent child who comes to him wishing to know about painting and drawing is at all fairly treated by being shown nothing but highly stylized twentieth-century products? I call it cheating. If I were that child I should go and read Ruskin out of spite."

Sir Charles Holmes, perhaps the greatest of modern art critics, and himself a distinguished modern artist, introduces his great work "Old Masters and Modern Art" with a passage which I commend to Mrs. Mitchison. "Modern Art (or talk about it) is round us everywhere, and I am conservative enough to think that it is wiser, if somewhat inglorious, to judge the questions which it puts to us rather by the example of those who have admittedly been great artists, than by the cleverest argument from those who have still to become so. Viewed in this light the National Gallery takes on a novel and stimulating aspect. No longer is it merely a record of a glorious but vanished past, but a gathering together of master minds which, if consulted with due respect can point the way to a wonderful future. And if in the end that future proves to be not for us, but for those more happily gifted, we have one abiding compensation. Our quest has compelled us to spend our time in the best company, and that in itself is no small part of the art of living. . . ."

"Antiquity bears with it a certain privilege. He must be the veriest *novus homo* who admires nothing that is not fresh from the factory."

I asked myself could such a book as this be produced say, in France? I think not. There are plenty of French atheists and there are a great many French Communists, but the French atheist recognizes the fact that French culture has its roots in the past. There is no intelligentsia so *deraciné* as the advanced thinkers of modern

England. The conviction that the sun of culture rose, for the first time, on Bloomsbury in the nineties is peculiar to this isle.

The real trouble with Mrs. Mitchison is her religious reverence for the mental fashion of the moment. A few months ago she uttered a cry of alarm because she had begun to discover that whereas in the days of her youth it was taken for granted by intelligent people that Christianity was dead, quite a lot of people for whose intelligence she has a qualified respect have returned to the faith in recent years. This puzzles her. She honestly assumes that all might, power, majesty and dominion is concentrated within a narrow circle of clever young men and women, a circle which includes a brilliant young Communist, Mr. A, who lectures to the W.E.A.; Mr. B, a rising young biologist who hopes by means of the work of a Catholic monk, Mendel, to revindicate the discredited doctrines of Charles Darwin; Mr. C, the brilliant young novelist who is screamingly funny about Christianity; Mr. D, who is busily engaged in providing a brand new religion with an up-to-date synthetic god compounded of the aspirations and ideals of Messrs. A, B, C, D, etc. The personalia with which Mrs. Mitchison introduces her contributors to her young readers will doubtless help these young people to familiarize themselves with the personal appearance and personal characteristics of men and women who are moulding modern thought. It does not very much matter if boys and girls know nothing about the cultural past of Europe, a cultural past intimately associated with Christianity, provided they know that Mr. Heard, who is "very nearly my best friend," has a Siamese cat "which he teases—he is extremely kind to everyone else—but it likes him all the same." Mrs. Naomi Mitchison records the ages of her contributors by a method more modern than illuminating. She contents herself with remarking that Mr. A was born, say, two years earlier than herself, and Mr. B three years later. As, however, she omits to record her own birth year, the

old-fashioned *Anno Domini* still seems to be more informative than the modern *Anno Naomi*.

If Mrs. Mitchison had decided to omit religion altogether from this book, there would be less cause for complaint, but the very definite attacks on theism and immortality reveal the intention to propagate atheism under cover of education. Again, if Mrs. Mitchison was half-educated or unimaginative, one could understand her failure to understand the importance of mediæval culture. But Mrs. Mitchison's mind is stored with facts about the pagan past and, in her line, she is a brilliant writer, and her short stories are among the masterpieces of our day. How can we explain the fact that Mrs. Mitchison, in her stories about Greece, is so successful in re-creating the pagan past while she is blind and deaf to her mediæval past?

The clue to this psychological riddle must be sought in the mental fashion of a particular set which believes in justification by faith. Neither Mrs. Mitchison nor Mr. Heard nor Mr. Stapledon ever deigns to apply reason to the greatest of all problems, the problem of Christianity. Like Luther, they distrust reason in the realm of religion; their slogan is justification by faith, an atheist's faith in an atheistic universe. Mr. Heard, for instance, serves up all the old stuff with which every student of the New Psychology is familiar. God, for instance, is merely a projection of man's mind, etc. The psychological attack on religion, as I have tried to show in the new edition of my book "The Flight from Reason," resolves itself into a rather simple trick. The psychologist very cleverly ignores the arguments for the existence of God, ignores them because he cannot meet them. He assumes—justification by faith again—that God does not exist, and having got rid of God by an act of faith, he proceeds to explain how that particular illusion arose. This explanation would be convincing enough if, in point of fact, God did not exist. There is never, for instance, the least evidence in any of Mr. Heard's works, which I

have studied with loving care, that he is familiar, even in outline, with the case for Christianity. I tried in vain to lure him into a public debate either in the B.B.C. or elsewhere on this subject. I challenged him to defend his views, but my challenge was not accepted. Mr. Heard does not argue. He knows. "It was not enough for science," writes Mr. Heard, "just to say there were no gods. It had also, if it was to give men complete peace of mind, to tell them why they had made the gods."

No, Mr. Heard, it is not enough either for science (or for you) just to say "there are no gods." These "Just-Say Stories" go down very well on the wireless, but some of us are beginning to feel that something in the nature of an argument is necessary for "complete peace of mind." One of these days, Mr. Heard, you may condescend to explain how science has disproved theism. Lord Kelvin, who *was* a scientist, perhaps the greatest scientist of the nineteenth century, stated that "science positively affirms creative power which it compels us to accept as an article of faith." In a recent symposium ("The Religion of Scientists") 103 Fellows of the Royal Society stated that science does not negative the idea of a personal God and only 26 replied that it did.

The arguments for the existence of God are partly metaphysical. It is difficult to see how science, which deals with the physical world, can affect the metaphysical arguments for the existence of God which have been advanced by, among others, Aquinas.

Modern science, in point of fact, has strengthened the case for theism by refuting Darwin's attempt to meet Paley's argument from design, and by creating a negative presumption at least in favour of a creator as the result of the failure of all attempts to prove spontaneous generation.

Mrs. Mitchison has a great weakness for "Just-Say Stories." Elsewhere she has paid a tribute to Professor Julian Huxley on the ground that "he offers us a religion

rational because it has no god, and unselfish because it has no belief in personal immortality."

"Rational because it has no god!" What a perfect "just-say!" Again, if Mrs. Mitchison would for once in a way apply reason to faith, she would perhaps cease misusing the word "selfish." It is selfish to desire one's own welfare at the expense of that of other people, but it is not selfish to desire that humanity as a whole should enjoy eternal life.

The silliest contribution is provided by Mr. Charles Skepper, who specializes, as Mrs. Mitchison informs us, in thinking for himself. "The Church believe that men and women should love God," writes Mr. Skepper, "and that if they loved one another it interfered with that. So it was said by those in authority in the Church that it was sinful for men and women to be lovers, and celibacy (not marrying) was better than marriage. There was supposed to be something wrong about *sex* (being an adult, functioning man or woman), and especially about being a woman; women were made to feel ashamed of themselves just because they were women."

I have seldom, even in the writings of these young moderns, seen quite so many idiotic remarks packed into one short passage. The facts may be briefly summarized as follows.

Christianity rescued women from a position of complete subjection, particularly in Rome, where women were impotent to resist the dictatorial *patria potestas* of the head of the family. St. Paul paid no higher compliment to human marriage than his famous comparison between human marriage and the marriage of Christ and his Church. Celibacy was only recommended for those who had a special vocation; marriage was exalted as one of the sacraments of the Church.

It is odd that Mrs. Mitchison, who does know something about Greek thought, did not put Mr. Skepper right on this point, for Mrs. Mitchison, of course, must

know that though the temper of Greek society as a whole was non-moral or immoral, there was a definite ascetic strain. The Orphics with their motto, "the body a tomb," and Plato with his insistence on the inferiority of the body, created a school of thought which bore fruit centuries later in the Manichean heresy which condemned all sexual intercourse as unclean. These ideas filtered into the Christian community, and for a short period infected it. But even in their natural revulsion from the paganism of the Empire, Christians never went so far as the non-Christian stoic, Musonius, who declared that even in marriage sexual intercourse was wrong excepting with the definite object of procreating children.

The Church fought successfully against the excesses of those who condemned all sexual intercourse, and the Inquisition itself was founded to suppress, amongst others, the heretics who disapproved of all sexual relationship, even between married people. The Church has consistently maintained that sexual pleasure, within the natural limits of the married state, is not only legitimate but is a positive good. Marriage has been ordained, not only to propagate the family, but also to serve such secondary ends—I am quoting from a Papal Encyclical—as "the quieting of concupiscence." The Church does not condemn the pleasure of good food, but does condemn gluttony; the Church does not condemn the pleasure of wine, but does condemn drunkenness; the Church does not condemn sexual satisfaction, but does condemn debauchery. It is irrational that a Church which condemns sexual gluttony should be accused of condemning sex.

Mr. Skepper tells us that "'It is better to marry than to burn,' was one of the well-known sayings of the Middle Ages." Mr. Skepper also quotes a mediæval joke to the effect that "a good woman is like one eel put in a bag amongst five hundred snakes, and if a man should have the luck to grope out that one eel from

all the snakes, yet he hath at best but a wet eel by the tail."

I will cap Mr. Skepper's quotation with two lines from Chaucer :—

> Ther been ful goode wives many oon
> And ever a thousand good agayns oon bad.

In other words, the gentleman that Mr. Skepper quotes was a pessimist and put the ratio of good women as low as 1/500, whereas Chaucer's Miller was grotesquely optimistic, assessing the proportion as 1,000/1,001.

One of these days Mr. Skepper must visit a music hall. He will hear a good few jokes at the expense of the fair sex, and I do not think he will attribute these jokes to the inspiration of the Church. These earnest young moderns never suspect the existence of humour in the Middle Ages. It should really be made an indictable offence to pontificate on the Middle Ages without reading Chaucer from cover to cover ; Chaucer who presents us with a magnificent array of women characters ranging from saints to courtesans. If Mr. Skepper really believes that men had things all their own way in the Middle Ages he should study the character of the Wife of Bath as portrayed in " The Canterbury Tales." And if he wishes for a more delicate appreciation of the honour due to women he should read Robert Holcot, the mediæval Dominican. Holcot remarks that a man whose pleasure in the sexual act is merely carnal loses all sense of the personality of his wife. " He might as well be an animal and miss the meaning of human love."

Mr. Skepper attributes the unfortunate condition of women, even to-day, to the importance of the family. Only women who plant their children on the State will be free for more important work; this is happening in that paradise of sex, Soviet Russia. " In Soviet Russia there are crèches and kindergartens and children's organizations, and these take the place of a father. It is their existence which makes it possible to remove the rule that a father and mother must go on living together."

Among the conditions " unfavourable to women," Mr. Skepper includes " The importance of the family."

In his spirited defence of this book Mr. Gollancz claims that Mr. Skepper gives " a coldly objective account of the family." But a writer who attributes the melancholy condition of women to the institution of the family is far from " objective," and, incidentally, far from accurate. Moreover, Christians at least may be pardoned if they are no more anxious for their children to read " coldly objective accounts " of promiscuity than of unnatural vice.

Mr. Skepper, so Mrs. Mitchison informs us, tries " to think for himself, which is rather a painful thing to do " —yes, for the reader. But does Mr. Skepper think for himself? I could do with a little evidence before accepting Mrs. Mitchison's statement. I can detect no signs of cerebral activity in Mr. Skepper's remarks about the Church. Indeed, the trouble with all these moderns is that they have given up thinking on the subject of religion. They just repeat the incredibly stale and fantastically illiterate observations which have been current in their set for years. They themselves are the best arguments for Behaviorism. Words like " Church," " Middle Ages," " celibacy," act as *stimuli* which produce the same mechanical reactions. In their case, at least, thought would seem to be a mere epiphenomenon with no influence on events.

If some competent editor had censored all references to religion, and if she had persuaded somebody like Mr. Dawson to write her outline of history, she would have produced a most useful book, for many of the contributions are both readable and informative.

Among the other contributors who write lucidly and interestingly may be mentioned Dr. Strauss, John Pilley, Professor Winifred Cullis, Mr. Williams-Ellis, and the husband of the Editress.

Where religion is mentioned the book is atheistic in tendency; and where politics are mentioned, communistic.

There is the usual H. G. Wellsian diagram showing the flag of the world getting the better of national flags, and there are the usual references to the British Empire calculated to make any small boy or girl heartily ashamed of his membership of that oppressive institution—which makes it all the more surprising that Mr. Lloyd George should have given the book his blessing. Oddly enough, Mrs. Mitchison is at some pains to describe very carefully the military careers of those of her contributors who distinguished themselves in the Great War. Mrs. Mitchison's brother, Professor Haldane, was noted in the war for his fantastic contempt of danger, and I suspect that Mrs. Mitchison, while paying lip service to pacifism, secretly admires, as do all sensible folk, courage more than cowardice.

The Communists, as a whole, are better informed and more readable than the Atheists. I commend Mr. Gaitskill's contribution, an admirable exposition of economics from the communist standpoint.

This book was sent to a number of eminent Christians by the publisher. Most of them refused to fall into the trap. It is not necessary to read the 893 pages of this book to discover its general tendency. Most well-informed people know that Mrs. Mitchison is an atheist. My father, to whom the book was sent, turned at once to the chapter on the Family and returned the book. The headmaster of Eton wrote a strongly worded protest against the impertinence of asking him to commend atheistic propaganda. The Bishop of Durham was even more definite. He replied that he could not imagine "a more deeply mischievous publication." In the *Church Times* he gave the substance of his reply, which is as follows. "It purports to express the conclusions of science and is expressed with an omniscient dogmatism incongruous, indeed, with the cautious habit of genuine science, but immensely effective with inexperienced and half-educated people . . . the suggestion is always latent that the contributors are a bold band of heroically

honest men who for the first time have had the courage to tell the truth to the people in spite of all the minatory and monitory opposition of the senile bigoted world. From this fresh, alluring and complete version of 'scientific truth' religion and morality are simply excluded. They are irrelevant, superfluous and probably mischievous. It hardly needs saying that discipline in all its traditional forms—deference of the young to the old, loyalty to the covenant of marriage, subordination of natural law, obedience of man to God—is ridiculed after the manner of the pontiffs of Soviet Russia, to whom reference is ever made in terms of marked respect. In the hands of elementary school teachers, and of the vast company of ill-informed, but intelligent and curious, clerks and shop assistants of both sexes, I can well believe that this book may do immense and irreparable harm."

The small minority of Christians who fell into the trap and gave their blessing to the book had, one hopes, not read the chapter on the Family. It is, incidentally, no defence to claim that a book which contains much that is useful and readable deserves commendation because the good exceeds the bad. Much the same defence could be made for those excellent dinners of the Borgias, dinners in which every course was perfectly prepared, and which were only marred by a slight touch of poison in the wine.

The fact is, as the Master of Selwyn has shown in his excellent book, "The New Morality," that the Christian creed, code and culture is at the moment the object of persistent and sustained attack. Those who believe that the abandonment of the traditional culture of Europe will be followed by disaster must show themselves equally determined and equally courageous. No half-hearted compromise, no Danegeld to modern thought, will save the besieged citadel.

There is a certain type of Christian who is only too ready to pay compliments to the intellectual honesty of the enemies of the faith, and to commend any book

which claims to be modern and which appears to be scientific. *Non tali auxilio.* There is no room in the battle which has been engaged—a battle on the issue of which depends the future of civilization—for men who take up a position between the two contending lines.

The spirited reaction headed by the Archbishop of York is an encouraging sign. The Church, as Mr. Gollancz has discovered to his disgust, is not yet in his pocket.

The reactions to the Archbishop's protest are amusing. Accustomed as I am to controversy with the intelligentsia, I have ceased to be surprised by their tacit assumption that, if Christ came again, he would brush aside a deputation headed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and insist that Messrs. Wells, Gollancz and Julian Huxley should be presented to him.

But though I have ceased to be surprised, I remain unconvinced. There are many things in this book which I find unconvincing, but none so remote from all semblance of plausibility as the assertion made by Mrs. Mitchison that she is a better interpreter of the mind of Christ than St. Paul, or the claim put forward by Mr. Gollancz that he has a more acute perception of "practical Christianity" than the representatives of the Churches who united in condemning the book which he published.

Four Novelists in Profile

By John Galsworthy

An Address.

A WRITER, who is not one of those celestial beings, professional critics, does not talk of other writers unless he has a passion for them. Now a living writer very seldom has a passion for other living writers; on the contrary, he is generally in a passion about them; so the four writers that I am going to talk about are all dead. It is the only thing they have in common. They are a band divorced by aim and temperament—as far apart as four next-door neighbours in a London street, or four doctors diagnosing a disease.

I began to read Dumas when I was twenty-five, a callow youth upon my travels. I began with "Monte Cristo," and I read it on the sailing ship *Torrens* crossing the Indian Ocean: with the royals and stun-sails of my mind set, I traversed the phantasmagorian immensity of this tale. I remember that, in the Doldrums, I would take my green-tinged volume out on to the bowsprit away from those mere creatures of reality—my fellow passengers. Alone with romance and flying fish, I read and read. For the next four years, like some grave toper, I soaked myself in Dumas—not the syndicate of that name, but the writer of "The Musketeer" books and "The Reine Margot" books. I also sipped at "Joseph Balsamo," and "Le Collier de la Reine"; but a sip was enough, and into the rest of the ninety or so novels I have not dipped. Still, "Monte Cristo" and those two series—"The Musketeer" and "The Reine Margot"— contain a little matter of twenty-five volumes, which is enough to swear by. To maturer judgment "Monte Cristo" lags even further behind "The Reine Margot" series than that series lags behind the great "Musketeer" trilogy which definitely places Dumas at the head of all the writers of historical romance. His power, indeed, of creating history is almost disastrous. History, according to Dumas, is so much more real than

history according to historians, that those poor fellows have never had a chance since. They might tell you that this or that was so, such and such personages of such and such complexion, but, having read Dumas, you knew better. He ran amok in the streets of the Past, and left behind him the pallid corpses of historians. Sedulous truth wanders like a disinherited ghost among his rich fables. Who can read historically of Richelieu, or Mazarin, of Charles IX, Anne of Austria, Louise de la Vallière, Le Grand Monarque, Les Ducs de Guise et d'Anjou, Henri of Navarre and La Reine Margot, when he has gone to school with them at *l'école* Dumas?

It has been rather the mode of late for writers to take some historical personage and make it the centre of a biographical play or novel: if you desire to measure Dumas' genius, line these modern recreations up beside the Frenchman's historical figures, and you will find the moderns pale and thin, lacking in flavour and fascination. And then make another comparison: line up Dumas' historical characters with the figures of his fancy, such as D'Artagnan, Aramis, Porthos, Athos, Coconnas, Chicot, Bussy (who, though they had their living prototypes, never paid any attention to them), and his genius will be still more apparent, for these figures of his unfettered imagination are even more vigorous and alive than his historical characters. Dumas excelled with men rather than with women. Anne of Austria, Margot, Louise, le dame de Monsoreau, and la Duchesse de Chèvreuse, are good but not great creations; Miladi is a mere monstress, and no other of his women are terribly exciting. But his male figures ruffle it with the very best; they simply strut through Time—"rich," our fathers would have called them! While for zest in narrative Dumas is the equal of Dickens, and more than that one cannot say. Sniff, if you like, at his "panache," as at the extravagance of the English master, but that which offends in lesser writers seems natural to the make-up of these great showmen.

I must apologize for mentioning narrative in days when so many regard it as a dead and buried form and are engaged in trying to express the human story by a series of hyphenated detonations; but really one cannot leave it out in speaking of Dumas. At his best he had no peer at sustaining the interest of a tale. He generally had a number of plots, and drove them four-in-hand at a sharp and steady pace and with a fine evenness of motion. "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne" is, perhaps, for wealth of incident and character intricately interwoven, his greatest effort. Oh! Undoubtedly a great raconteur! And with something of the magician about him, but a magician who used the pigments and potions of actual life and feeling. Highly-coloured and strongly-flavoured Dumas was, but he was never windy and just fanciful.

Fiction, from the days of Homer on, has been devised to satisfy two demands—for narrative and for character. Human nature changes so slowly that a thousand years are but as yesterday; and the reader requires narrative and character to-day just as much as he did in the time of Chaucer. Dumas, though he may be scouted by the eclectic, is still read eagerly, and will be read a hundred, nay, three hundred years on. While nothing, I think, is more certain than that no single work of what one may call protoplasmic fiction—spineless, all jelly and wriggles—will be remembered even by name thirty years hence.

The line of distinction between realism and romance lies in the paramount mood of the writer; so that he who is bent primarily on entertaining is a romanticist, and he who is bent primarily on revealing, or if you like interpreting, is a realist. I have said that before, but my experience tells me that what you have said before you had better say again, if you want anybody to pay attention to it. Dumas then must be accounted a romanticist, for he is bent primarily on entertaining. His work gives practically no indication that he had predilections, prejudices, passions or philosophy. His tales offer no criticism of life, are written from no temperamental

angle. Of English writers perhaps only Shakespeare is so completely impersonal. But though he was a romanticist, Dumas never got into the air. Romantic in mood, he was realistic in method, and he had his absorptions in character.

His greatest creation is undoubtedly D'Artagnan, that backbone of eleven volumes, type at once of the fighting adventurer and of the trusty servant, whose wily blade is ever at the beck of those whose hearts have neither his magnanimity nor his courage, but whose heads have a cold concentration that his head lacks. Few, if any, characters in fiction inspire one with such belief in their individual existences, or their importance as types. D'Artagnan is the world's "lieutenant"—the man who does the job that others profit by; and he is none the less fascinating because he is always "going to make his fortune" out of it, and never does make anything but someone else's. So very like such a lot of people! To one who made D'Artagnan all shall be forgiven.

With seven-leagued boots one leaps from Dumas to the Russian Tchehov, more modern than the moderns. Now of Tchehov I would say that his stories have apparently neither head nor tail; they seem to be all middle like a tortoise. Many who have tried to imitate him, however, have failed to realize that the heads and tails are only tucked in. Just as one cannot see or paint like Whistler by merely wishing to, so one cannot feel or write like Tchehov because one thinks his is a nice new way. One young modern writer, Katharine Mansfield, has proved a definite exception to a fairly general rule of failure—not because she was a better copyist than the others, but because she had the same intense and melancholy emotionalism as Tchehov, the same way of thinking and feeling, and died—alas—of the same dread malady. I should say that Tchehov has been the most potent magnet to young writers in several countries for the last twenty years. He was a very great writer, but his influence has, on the whole, been dissolvent. For he

worked naturally in a method which seems easy, but which is very hard for Westerners, and his works became accessible to Western Europe at a time when writers were restless, and eager to make good without hard labour—a state of mind not so confined to writers that it cannot be noticed also among plumbers, and on the Stock Exchange.

Tchehov appeared to be that desirable thing, the "short cut," and it is hardly too much to say that most of those who have taken him have never arrived. His work has been a will-o'-the-wisp. Writers may think they have just to put down faithfully the daily run of feeling and event and they will have a story as marvellous as those of Tchehov. Alas! things are not made "marvellous" by being called so, or there would be a good many "marvellous" things to-day.

I admire the adventurous industry of our newest writers, even if it is a little too self-conscious; but I cannot help wondering whether in their clever, daring, wholesale dismissal of shape and selected sequence, they have not missed the truth that human lives, for all their appearance of volatility in these days of swift motion, are really tethered to deep and special roots? Now, in his tales, unshaped though they seem, Tchehov never forgot that truth, nor is he ever over-sophisticated.

He was born in 1860 at Taganrog in Russia, and died in the Black Forest aged only forty-four. He came of peasant stock and followed the calling of a country doctor. There is no other of the older Russian writers with such an understanding of the Russian mind and the Russian heart, or such an intuitive sense of the typical Russian nature. He seemed to brood over its temperamental bonelessness as over a doom; and his work is one long objective revelation of it. A country doctor sees more of human nature than most men; he sees it under the harrow of pain and misadventure, and stripped of all aid except "character." It must have been a nightmare to Tchehov—a man of great sensibility and some method—

to watch his fellow-creatures in their troubles, hopelessly unaided by their national temperament, of which, with the detachment of a born artist, he was keenly conscious. The Russian temperament, to speak rashly as if it were a single thing in a country containing many races, sets (or used to set—for if it has been ordered by the new regime to change, we may suppose that it has) practically no store by time or place; it excels in feeling, still more perhaps in the expression of feeling, so that its aims are washed out by fresh tides of feeling before they can be achieved. The Russian temperament, in many ways very attractive, seemed incapable of halting on a mark: that is, at least, the impression conveyed by study of the old Russian novelists. It flowed and ebbed incessantly, and the old national catchword "Nichevo"—"it doesn't matter"— well expressed the fatalism of its perpetual flux. Material things and the principles which they connote did not matter enough to the Russian nature; emotion and its current expression mattered too much. That was speaking, of course, from the English point of view. A Russian would have said that to us material things and the principles they connote mattered too much; emotion and its expression too little. Well, it is just this contrast between national temperaments which has made the Tchehovian form so attractive to and so unsuitable for English writers. That form is flat as the plains of his country. And Tchehov's triumph was that he made flatness exciting—as exciting as a prairie or a desert is to those who first encounter it. How he did this was a secret, which many since have supposed they understood, but which, speaking bluntly, they have not.

His plays, too, are never adequately performed on the English stage. Partly because they are written for Russian actors, who are perhaps the best in the world; partly because of his method and his temperament. English actors cannot render the atmosphere of a Tchehov play. But it is just the atmosphere—whether

of play or story—which makes the work of Tchehov memorable.

Intuitive knowledge of human emotions gives to his stories a spiritual shape, which takes the place of the shape supplied by dramatic event. He never wrote a full-length novel, probably because the longer your story, the greater the need for something definite to happen. As for his characters, they are either too true to life or perhaps merely too Russian to be remembered by name. One recalls the figures in "The Cherry Orchard" or in "Uncle Vanya"—I can even clap a name to one or two—very living, very actual, but so under the shadow of mood and of atmosphere that they haunt the corridors rather than take their seats in the assembly house. But there is transcendent merit in Tchehov's writings, for he reveals to us what was the very soul of a great people, and that with a minimum of parade or pretence.

If with seven-leagued boots one leaps from Dumas to Tchehov, then with ten-leagued boots one springs from Tchehov to Stevenson. So far as Art can ever be depressing, there is perhaps no more depressing writer than that Russian; he is just as emphatically an author from whom we turn away when our sands run low, as the Scotsman, Stevenson, is *the* writer whose books we take up if we have the 'flu. I don't know, by the way, if you have noticed that tragic writers are generally blessed with very good health. We must not count the Russians, because they seem always to express what they really feel; but we Westerners naturally put up a fight against our feelings. If we feel bad, we become humorists, or at least take to romancing. If he had enjoyed good health, Stevenson might have been a great tragic writer; as it was he simply had to be light-hearted. He escaped into ink, and was never so happy as with a drawn pen in his hand. The older I get, the more I appreciate him. Which some would say is a sign of dotage. I used to say it myself in the days of my youth. For at that time I was so given to sitting in the French and Russian draughts

that were blowing in the then rather stuffy room of English fiction, and so, as they say, "fed-up" with the undiscriminating Stevensonian chorus of that period, that I used to look on him as an "agreeable rattle" rather mannered and incurably romantic. I know better now. True, he is not a main-stream *novelist;* he had not health enough to spare for any great philosophic urge or any very robust curiosity. He lived, too, in the moment, and to the full—not of the type which psychologizes and worries about whys and wherefores. But he is a main-stream *writer*, and what I used to take for acquired "manner" I now feel to be the natural expression of an intensely vivid, sensitized and adventurous spirit. His style, with its unexpectedness of diction, in almost every sentence, must be acquitted of exoticism or the smell of the lamp. It expressed a curiously glancing nature, a continually stimulated interest, and it was munitioned quite naturally by startling powers of observation and a superb memory. I open a book of his at random, and the first sentence I read is this: "High rocky hills, as blue as sapphire, closed the view, and between these lay ridge upon ridge, heathery, craggy, the sun glittering on veins of rock, the underwood *clambering* in the hollows, as *rude* as God made them *at the first.*"

"Clambering"—"rude"—"at the first." Now I don't think Stevenson had to hunt for those three expressions, which give the valued spring of unexpectedness to that somewhat ordinary sentence. I think they just jumped into his mind. Indeed, always excepting Shakespeare (and perhaps Mr. Wodehouse), I doubt if any other British writer has used the unexpected with more apt spontaneity. Whatever commentators may say on this point, that has become my conviction from re-reading Stevenson; and in itself this is an attribute so priceless as to make up for multitudinous deficiencies. Unlike many stylists, so-called, he is very easy to read, sentence by sentence; the unexpected words call no halt, and the grammar is clear as good spring water—no

heavy-footed rounding-up, no violent ellipses, no attempts to get effect by vain and damnable iteration.

Stevenson, like Dumas, was a romanticist; absorbed in telling a tale rather than revealing human types and phases of human life. In "Kidnapped" and "Catriona," truly, he was not far off being absorbed equally in tale and character, which is the happy mean; and, again, at the end of his life he was trying for realism in "The Ebb Tide" and "Weir of Hermiston." But in the round he was a romanticist. As Andrew Lang observes, in his preface to the Swanston edition, he "never sought his subjects in the main stream of contemporary life, or made an attempt to interpret existence, as they knew it, to his readers." All through Stevenson's writings one is conscious of a questing and adventurous nature, incurably gallant in the practical affairs of life; introspective but without a trace of morbidity, and with a certain dread, indeed, of going too deeply into things. He was the antithesis of the Russians. His chief fault, as novelist, was taking themes scarcely worthy of his powers. Where, as in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," his subject is deep, he shies at it, and the result is somewhat lurid. In "The Ebb Tide" he is almost alarmed by his own lack of compromise in handling what our critics used to be, perhaps still are, so fond of calling the "sordid" side of life. How he would have ended "Weir of Hermiston" it is difficult to say; but he would probably have run away from the tragic story planned, although, if you remember, his lovers were to end happily, or, rather, in America.

As a teller of a tale, though in a slighter way, he is the equal of Dumas and Dickens; and he is their superior in dexterity and swiftness. There are no *longueurs* in Stevenson. He had but one main theme, the essential theme of romance, struggle between the good and the bad, of hero against villain, and often with the heroine absent, or merely looking over the wall. For there was an eternal boy in Stevenson, and he wrote "Virginibus Puerisque."

Of his novels, "Kidnapped" and "Catriona," taken together, come easily first. In this work, besides all the allure of a fine tale, there is most admirable type-drawing. Alan Breck and David Balfour may well stand for the highlands and the lowlands for all time; while in Catriona and Barbara Grant he has drawn his two best female characters. But, beyond all this, there is in that particular work a sublimation of his love for Scotland, a breath of heather and the sea, a pride of country and an atmosphere of home such as few books exhale. I put "The Master of Ballantrae" second. This book survives the ever handicapping method of narration in the first person extraordinarily well, and the Master himself is a notable rascal. I have a weakness for "The Black Arrow"—a stirring tale which gives a livelier picture of mediæval times than I remember elsewhere in fiction. "Treasure Island," of course, stands by itself as a pure yarn. "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide" are a bit out of drawing, as books by two hands almost always are, but I at least re-read them with pleasure. "St. Ives" is one of those capital stories that one can never remember and so can always read again; it would have been better left unfinished. "The Wrong Box" is great fun; but I could have done without "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the least Stevensonian book he ever wrote, and that which, owing to the public's native perversity, first brought him popular attention, and, as I read the other day, is still looked on as his high-water mark. As for "Weir of Hermiston," I do not subscribe to Sir Sidney Colvin's opinion, which is shared by many, that it promised to be Stevenson's best work of fiction; indeed, I am sure it would not have been. It is interesting, because it was a decided attempt to break with the romantic; but it discloses rather fatally the weakness of Stevenson when he tries to give you the real inside of human beings. Archie seems to me a failure, and Christine to have been on her way to becoming one.

Stevenson was so vivid and attractive as a person,

so picturesque in his travels and his ways of life, so copious and entrancing in his essays and his letters, and so pleasing as a poet, that his general self has somewhat overshadowed him as novelist. But compare with his novels all the romantic novels written since, even those heavenly twins " The Prisoner of Zenda " and " Rupert of Hentzau," and you will see how high he stands. In fact, next to Dumas, he is the best of all the romantic novelists, certainly the best British romanticist, and I shall be extremely astonished if at this time of day he is ever deposed from that position. For though the world is not getting too old to read and enjoy romance, it grows less and less capable, I think, of producing writers with the bloom that Stevenson had on his spirit, and the spring he had in the heels of his fancy. I suppose there is nothing to prevent us moderns from dipping our pens in fancy. But since Dumas and Stevenson something has happened. Tune has gone out of the world. Romanticists to-day can turn out quite good tales of tubs with bodies inside them, and that kind of thing; but those who try to ride Pegasus—such as John Masefield in his " Sard Harker " vein, or John Buchan—are, perhaps, too conscious of the creature's wings. Romance may bring up the 9.15, but it brings it up full of business men from Chislehurst or Croydon. Aeroplanes and limousines buzz in all our bonnets. Machines have crept into the writing of romance, and when machines clatter in the brain, we hear no longer the piping on the hills. And so, I think, we shall not see Stevenson dethroned. And I am fairly certain that, of British nineteenth-century writers, he will live longer than any except Dickens.

Though W. H. Hudson is best known as an observer and lover of Nature, he shall be spoken of here only as a novelist—the author of " The Purple Land," " El Ombu " and " Green Mansions," each a masterpiece in its very different way. Hudson was a genius, but I'm not going to suggest that he was a creative genius led away and destroyed by a vamp called Nature. He quite probably

had no more fiction in him than actually came out of him. It is fairly safe to say that writers produce what they must. Hudson scored a bull's-eye, however, with each of those three books. In "The Purple Land" he wrote the best Picaresque novel in English of the last hundred and more years; in "El Ombu" he gave us an example of simple and tragic recital hard to beat; and in "Green Mansions" he left behind him quite the rarest fantasy of our times. As a writer of fiction he was completely original, unfettered, and unaffected. Of no school, uninfluenced by any previous master, he blew-in to the world of the novel on a wind as free as the air of the Pampas where he was born, or as one of those Cornish gales he loved to be out in. "The Purple Land," written, I think, in the 'eighties of the last century, if not earlier, is the record of a young man's wandering adventures in the Argentine of old days. It has probably some autobiographical foundation, or at least drops here and there into the truth of reminiscence —some of its episodes are tinged with the glamour of private enjoyment; the author has plagiarized certain sensations of his own. If Dicky Lamb, the hero poursuivant, cannot be taken for Hudson himself, he was fairly intimate with the adventures and acquaintances of Hudson's own youth. The essence of the Picaresque novel is zest in arriving at fresh places, and seeing new faces, mostly female; and this is certainly the essence of "The Purple Land." It is the work of a man in love with living, so it has never been very popular. Most people are not in love with living; they don't shoot life on the wing, they pot at it sitting, after having carefully ascertained it to be eatable. We don't like random adventures that lead us nowhere; we belong to an age whose strong suit is insurance. "The Purple Land" told of a new world in days when insurance was unknown and men rode forth to love or fight. Besides, the book has a Spanish savour, which accounts for the moderate transports with which English-speaking people

have received it. After all, we want morals, not mandolins.

"El Ombu," the chief tale of Hudson's second work of fiction, is elemental and tragic enough; but I would not rank it with Turgenev's "Lear of the Steppes" and "Torrents of Spring"; nor with Conrad's "Youth," "Heart of Darkness" and "Typhoon"; nor with Mérimée's "Carmen," Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," Flaubert's "Cœur Simple," nor Maugham's "Rain"—stories of like length—all elemental, and, with the exception of "Youth" and "Typhoon," tragic in their nature; "El Ombu," though it centres loosely round the great tree which gives it name, has neither the backbone nor the inevitability of those other great tales. This disjointed narrative of unrelieved disaster, told by an old shepherd of the plains in wild days, is a set of variations, as it were, on the violence of human passions. But its noble simplicity of language, and its atmosphere, make it an impressive piece of work. Like "The Purple Land," it is probably rooted in fact; woven out of folk-lore of the Pampas in days starker and more violent than they now are. Plains, by the way, are to Hudson's writings what the sea was to Conrad's, except that by Hudson Nature is loved, by Conrad dreaded. Compare, for instance, the forest in Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" and the forest in Hudson's "Green Mansions"; the first is a monstrous gloomy threat, the second a wild and lovely refuge.

"Green Mansions," the third of Hudson's title-deeds to fame as novelist, is a book so apart, so amazingly unlike the usual run of fiction, that I missed its beauty on a first reading. I came to appreciate it on a second perusal ten years later. It is the only book I know which has really succeeded in welding woodnotes wild into a tune. Rima, the bird girl of the forest, embodies at once the spell of Nature and the yearning of the human soul for that intimacy with Nature which through self-consciousness—or shall we say town-life—we have lost.

She stands alone in literature for immaterial beauty. I recoil from the much-debated statue of Rima set up three years ago in Hyde Park. The task was impossible, indeed, for any artist, however original. Metal and stone are unsuited to the volatile and rarefied. In the figure of Rima, Hudson was trying to express the uncanny sympathy with all that is not human, and especially with the winged and sweet-songed freedom of birds, which he beyond all men felt. And to see it travestied by this self-confident and massive product of a studio is, to one who knew Hudson, a kind of desecration. Such things are done in haste—repented of at leisure. Hudson the novelist is certainly dwarfed, for those who knew him, by Hudson the man; for he was the rarest, the most unique, personality of his time, the one whose understanding stepped farthest out of the merely human ring, the one who succeeded best to see the face of Nature as it is. In him, wise and cultured though he was, there was yet something of primitive man, something even of the beasts and birds he loved. Still, if he had left behind him no personal impress, nor any nature writings, but just these three pieces of fiction, he must yet have been accounted a rare and potent figure.

To generalize about novelists a little before I end. How, for instance, is an aged novelist to answer the fledgeling's question: "What must I do, how can I learn; whom should I read?" Remembering his own struggles, such a question fills the novelist with a compassionate embarrassment. There is no answer; no short cut to mastery. At best one can point to pitfalls, recommend to the fledgeling realization of exactly what it wants to say, and economy in the saying. The confectioning of a good omelette depends on the quality of the eggs, and the natural lightness of the cook's hand. You can take a young writer to life, but you cannot make him see or feel it—he must provide his own eggs. You can bid him read this master or that, but you will never turn a naturally heavy hand into a naturally light. So it is

comforting to think that in these days the young are more worried about the old than we are about the young. And on the whole the young are very good in giving us the benefit of their knowledge. The general level of literary efficiency among young writers is, nowadays, almost terrifying. An old writer has only to talk to them to see how much more they know than himself, and if he can but break down their modesty, he can get quite a lot of useful information about how not to write, and whom not to read. But sometimes it is impossible to break down their modesty; and then it is that the old writer has a sort of cold feeling in the pit of his stomach. The silence of the young writer is so disconcerting.

Another question frequently put to a novelist is: What is the future of the novel? No one can answer. The future of the novel does not depend on this or that fashion in technique, or such and such economic developments; it depends on whether or no accident is going to throw up novelists endowed with one or other, or preferably both, of two qualities neither of which can be defined. These qualities are stature and charm. By the law of averages each decade should provide about the same number of novelists so endowed; but study of the Past will disclose, I think, considerable gaps; and study of the Present will cause some uneasiness in regard to the Future. There is something about this Age which is inimical to stature. Even individual temperament is being levelled down by publicity, limelight, standardization, specialization, and rapid communications. It seems curious, but I think it is true, that the intellectual activity we call cleverness is inimical to stature—and this is a very clever Age, and getting cleverer. Charm is not so much endangered, perhaps, but it is in danger enough. For charm is a nooky quality, and the nook is becoming rare. The settled, homespun, or at least home-scented, existence which used to lay its mark on the spirits of men and women, and give a loved or hated background to their thoughts, is daily being "improved" away. Art

that can stand up above the waters of life, or that can smile apart, or that can do both, is rooted in deep and quiet things, in private and fervent feelings. And I will leave you to judge how far the times are inclined to let us call our souls our own.

Well, it is because of charm and stature, one or both, that we turn to books a second and third time. And only those books to which we can turn again have any chance of living on. Of the making of books there is no end, of the talking about them still less end, and I will wind up with a remark or two about the talkers, including myself. The permanent reputation of a writer, or of a book, cannot be made by talking about it. During the thirty odd years since I began to write, I have known dozens of books, talked of as if they were going to be the last word in permanence, by now as dead as if they had never been. The unseen motion of Time's fan drifts to the winds all that has not the magic stuff "life" in it. An ironical recorder, keeping entry of tongue- and pen-made reputations and their duration, would have indeed a curious notion of our critical taste. And I will say to myself and all those others who blow the bubble of reputation from mouth to mouth: Back your taste, by all means, but remember that by all the evidence of history, it is probably bad!

The Leopard's Spots

By Betty and Philip Wessex

I.—Then.

"ALL the same what th'zea zends ye's yer ain." Old Jenks knocked out his pipe emphatically as he enunciated this motto of the Dorset seaboard.

It was a glorious day at Creek Royal, and I had wandered down to the beach, to the sunny bench where the old fishers sit and watch for the shoals of mackerel, in the hope of getting a yarn from one of them. There is no place like Creek Royal, with its old church on the hill overlooking the marvellous beach, standing thirty feet high a hundred yards from the mainland, from which it is separated by a strip of tidal water, crossed only in one place, in old days by a ferry, now by a modern bridge. That beach fringes Dead Man's Bay for twelve miles, and woe betide the luckless ship that is caught between the horns of the bay in stormy weather, for her fate is sealed; if the whirlpool at the Point does not get her the beach will, with its surf and cruel undertow through which no human has ever come alive in a storm.

Jenks on Sundays was a pillar of the church, in a black coat and hat very like the rector's; with his white beard spotless he looked the picture of respectability as he led the responses in a stentorian voice. But he kept religion and respectability for Sundays; his weekday garments and point of view were far different! Jenks had been holding forth to me on the science of smuggling and wrecking, not by any means dead in these parts.

"What was the finest wreck you remember?" I asked.

"Th' wreck o' th' 'R'yal Caroline,' somewheres about '54. That were a fine wreck; sixty-five carpses we buried up along old churchyard, in one grave."

"Did you see the wreck?" I inquired.

"I did not. See, I were a bit of a lad then, workin'

up in th' fields fer Varmer Wolley, but I heered th' guns an' legged it down to th' beach. But I were late, I were; she'd struck an' were goin' t' bits. Them coastguard chaps were all over th' place, too, a-doin' honest men out o' their rights."

"Then you did not get any salvage?"

"I did sure! I'll be tellin' ye of it presently. It were this way. 'Twan't no manner o' good goin' after th' stuff, and havin' all them coasters down yer back at once, so I had to be a bit knowin', I had. When I come down-along, one o' th' coasters had dropped his coat. He were hot, he were, after runnin' after th' chaps."

I laughed. I well remembered crawling up that beach on my hands and knees during the first storm I had seen at Creek Royal. I had started walking up in the ordinary way, and only understood the pitying smiles of the inhabitants when a gust of wind, whooping over the crest of the beach, caught me a quarter of the way up and tumbled me back to the sand at the bottom. The second time I forsook dignity and crawled, and found myself, when I reached the top, one of a line of human seagulls lying flat behind the crest, between the gusts of spray watching eagerly for any bit of wreckage on the incoming waves. Then a wild swoop would take place for possession, the coastguards arriving from nowhere in particular to impound it, but generally about half a minute too late.

"Well," proceeded Jenks, "there were a fellow called Bilke there. He did me down once over a boat, he did. He had a big heap o' stuff, and he were gettin' it down the land side o' th' beach when I comes, but he didn't zee me, along o' watchin' th' coasters. So I takes coaster's coat an' puts it on, an' after him I goes. He sees th' blue coat an' brass buttons an' off he runs, but I gains a bit on him; he can't run nohow with that big bundle o' stuff on his back, so when he gets to the wet sand t'other side o' beach, he drops it."

"And you picked it up?" I asked.

"Not a mite. I warn't sich a vool. I chased him along th' road an' over thick-ther bridge an' almost into village, he a runnin' fer his life! Then round I turns an' back to beach an' drops coaster's coat nicely fer him! After that I gets th' bundle an' takes it w'home! There were good stuff in that bundle, that there were," added the old man reminiscently. "I got some of it now in my cottage, if ye'd care fer t' zee it, zur!"

II.—Now.

In the opening years of the twentieth century, there came a new rector to Creek Royal. One stormy winter's evening, many of the folk paid him the compliment of going to Evening Service, "to hear how he do talk," in local parlance. I also attended, the new rector being a friend of mine.

All went well until the middle of the sermon, when a head came round the corner of the tiny chancel door, and the choir, surplices and all, began suddenly and mysteriously to fade away!

I looked around, wondering if this were some optical delusion, to find that the congregation was equally rapidly fading away by the other door! At last, when only the rector, his family, and myself remained, we adjourned to see what had happened. Minute guns from the beach soon told us.

"Men have gone for lifeboat, women t' zee 'em off!" gasped a passing lad, and we followed the crowd.

It was a marvellous but tragic sight, that gallant, helpless sailing ship being drifted ever nearer the beach by the mountainous waves. As we watched, a shout went up. "Look a-there!" Then I saw that the captain—brave man!—was taking a thousand to one chance in the hope of saving his men. He was deliberately letting the ship come broadside-on to the beach, and sending the crew into the rigging. We could see them creeping up the reeling shrouds as fast and as high as they could.

A crash, an awful splintering! Then, indeed, it seemed as if a miracle had happened. The ship was flung broadside-on high up the beach, and before the next wave could sweep her back her masts broke off short, flinging the crew who had been clinging there clear over the surf and on to the beach! All save the gallant captain, gripping the wheel to the last, who had given his life for his men. Broken heads and limbs there were amongst them, but what was that to men who, an instant before, had been looking certain death in the face?

The next morning, the gale having done its worst, I walked down to the beach and found piles of wreckage, carefully watched by coastguardsmen.

"But we haven't got all of it, not by no means," said the chief officer. "It was a valuable cargo, silver ore, and I expect there is a lot of it up in the village now! The excise men are making a house-to-house search for it this morning."

I tramped back to the rectory, to find the rector from home. "He was sent for to a dying woman, Martha Bilke, the mother of one of the fishermen," said the rector's wife, a charming stately white-haired woman, with an irresistible sense of humour. "A boy came up just after breakfast, said 'that Gran were a-dyin' an' were afeared t' die alone, an' would the rector come an' pray with 'er?' So my husband went off and we have not seen him since."

I stayed to lunch at the rectory, but no rector. Toward tea-time he came in—looking tired.

"Yes, I've been there all this time. I think the old woman is better and is going to live, but she was terrified if I attempted to leave her and implored me to stay and pray again; simply clung to me, so I did."

A characteristic picture of priestly duty well done.

The next day, Martha Bilke was better—wonderfully so—but the coastguards were not happy because the missing portion of the cargo had not been found. Nor

was it ever found, and the matter dropped into oblivion for many months.

Then one day I met the rector marching up the road, with his usual upright, soldierly swing, in spite of his white head and nearly seventy years, wearing an expression divided between exasperation and amusement—an unusual combination considering he had just come from a death-bed—an actual death-bed this time, as I knew by the passing-bell.

"Yes, William Fowler is dead," he answered my question. "He sent for me at the last, hard drinker and hard swearer as he was, because he had something on his mind."

"What was the matter, rector?"

"When I went in he was going fast, and I thought he was wandering, for he began by asking: 'You mind that wreck last winter, zur? Th' zilver ship?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'but what has that to do with your soul? You're a dying man!'

"'Yes, I be. Real dyin', not like Martha Bilke! I be martal sorry I played yer that trick.'

"'What trick?' I gasped.

"'Us knew as even they excise men wouldn't come atween a passon an' a dyin' woman, zo I took an' put it under her bed myzelf, but I'm zorry now, an' wanted ye to know that avore I went!'

"'Put what under her bed?'

"'Th' zilver! It were all there, an' you were a-prayin' over it, but it warn't fair—you be a sportsman, you be!'

"'So are you!' I exclaimed, and the old man smiled as he died."

The United States in World Affairs

By Luigi Villari

THE history of the participation of the United States in the affairs of the rest of the world has followed an irregular course. After the war of 1812 the United States withdrew altogether from any connection with Europe, except in the field of commerce, and even with Latin-America relations were more sentimental than effective; the Mexican War of 1847 was a frontier operation to consolidate the territorial position of the country. The vast development of agriculture, mining and industry tended at first to make it ever more self-supporting and independent of the rest of the world, even economically. The Spanish-American War temporarily restored contacts, and President Roosevelt's successful intervention to bring the Russo-Japanese War to an end made those contacts still closer. Then came the World War, which brought the United States definitely and directly into world affairs, and it seemed as though they were to become an integral and predominant factor in international diplomatic activity.

But after Versailles there was a violent reaction. The Senate refused to ratify the Peace Treaty and the United States refused to become a member of the League of Nations. Public opinion, partly out of hostility to Wilson and his works, partly as a result of a reaction from the war spirit, and partly from a belief that the United States could and should establish a closed economic and political life and disregard what was going on elsewhere, favoured a new withdrawal into the ivory tower of seclusion. There was also a touch of self-righteousness in this attitude, and masses of Americans sincerely believed that they were morally not as other peoples, that while wicked and militaristic Europeans were arming to the teeth and preparing for new wars, only the United States were really peaceful and designed by

Providence to impart lessons in political virtue to the rest of the world. It was this attitude, together with the immense, if somewhat unsound and fictitious prosperity of the United States, and with the insistent demands for the payment of war debts, at a time when impoverished Europe was painfully struggling to recover from the terrible effects of the war, which made America less popular than she had been when she intervened in the conflict. This unpopularity persisted in spite of the generous benefactions of American organizations to the stricken lands of the Old World. The prosperity boom between 1920 and 1929, and especially after 1925, confirmed the people of the United States in their isolationist policy. The high tariffs, which were high even before the Hoot-Smawley barrier, and the restrictions on immigration, were expressions of this attitude.

But public opinion was not unanimous. A number of men, and especially women, who were interested in international problems, members of the Foreign Policy Association and of the various organizations in favour of the League of Nations, regretted America's absence from the great world problems for sentimental reasons, while others, in spite of the prosperity boom, doubted whether even the United States could afford to stand alone, and asked themselves if it might not be to their interest as well as from a sense of moral duty to participate in trying to solve the economic difficulties which were or might become common to all peoples.

Both among the seclusionists and the collaborationists there was much ignorance of the affairs of Europe and the other Continents, including Latin-America. In the United States one does, of course, find persons thoroughly versed in international affairs, and a still larger number who have specialized in some particular question; yet the great majority, even of those who have had a university education, know little about what is happening outside the United States and, above all, fail to understand the background of tradition and sentiment behind

the problems of the Old World. There is a keen desire to learn and understand, and the number of those who have learned and who do understand is increasing year by year, but it is still comparatively small.

With the wholly unexpected advent of the Wall Street crash, followed by the world depression, there has been a remarkable transformation of public opinion as to what America's foreign relations should be. This change has affected three principal aspects of those relations, which have followed separate but parallel courses, viz.: the question of collaboration with the League of Nations and European diplomacy generally, that of reparations and inter-Allied debts, and that of American participation in world economy.

With regard to the first problem, we must still distinguish between public opinion on the Atlantic seaboard and in university and intellectual circles throughout the country on the one hand, and that of the Middle West and among the uneducated masses on the other. Roughly speaking, it may be stated that the attitude of the former is collaborationist in varying degrees, that of the latter isolationist, also in varying degrees. The evolution of United States policy reflects the greater or lesser influence of these two tendencies.

After the fall of Wilson the League of Nations was regarded as abominable because it would have involved the United States in commitments not sanctioned by their own Government—it was, indeed, the prevalence of this feeling which brought about the collapse of the Wilsonian policy. Most Americans feared that membership of the League would have brought the United States into wars caused by European jealousies and inspired by purely European interests; they saw, in their mind's eye, American armed forces transported once more across the seas to help settle Franco-German and Franco-Italian quarrels, the Hungarian frontiers, and the Polish Corridor, and doing what they have done, it is true, in Nicaragua, Haiti, Santa Domingo, and elsewhere, but

in problems which do not directly affect their own interests. Hostility to the League was an article of faith in official circles, and the State Department did not at first even trouble to reply to the communications sent to it by that organization.

But gradually the United States found themselves *nolens volens* drawn more and more into political relations with Europe and the rest of the world, and their policy of seclusion, although theoretically still maintained, gradually becoming less effective. Even with the League of Nations they began to establish contacts. The "observers" of 1920, who attended international gatherings unconnected with the League, began to go to Geneva: unofficial, semi-official and, finally, official representatives sat on non-political League committees, no longer silent, but taking part in the debates. Outside the League, American participation became ever more active, although not yet on the same footing with that of other Powers.

In 1928 we had the Briand-Kellogg Pact, whereby the United States made their first direct contribution since the war to the attempt to settle the diplomatic difficulties of the whole world. All other Powers adhered more or less enthusiastically to it, not so much on its merits, but because it was a definite indication that the United States had re-entered the world diplomatic arena, a consummation generally desired, as without American participation it was difficult to settle the great world problems. As it stands, the Pact is a step backward as compared with the League Covenant, inasmuch as it provides no sanctions against those who violate by having recourse to war as an instrument of policy, and also because the reservations by which it is surrounded, concerning the right of self-defence, largely nullify its provisions, whereas the Covenant does provide certain sanctions, such as the economic boycott. But the main significance of the Pact lies in the fact that the United States are signatories to and, indeed, initiators of it and are thereby brought into the orbit of world policy. The

recent statement of Mr. Stimson (August 1932) gives the Pact a somewhat more practical character; he implements it with a further understanding on the part of the United States that, whenever the world peace be menaced, they would have recourse to consultation with other Powers as to the best means for averting the danger. Indeed, he added, such consultation was implicit in the Pact. Although this does not bind the United States to take any particular action in the cases contemplated, we at least know that there will be some such action. President Hoover reinforced Mr. Stimson's statement a few days later, when he declared that any disturbance in any part of the world affected the United States. This, as Mr. James wrote in the *New York Times*, has always been true, but has not always been said.

American participation in League activities emerged from the comparative obscurity of technical committees into the sunlight of politics in the debates on the Sino-Japanese conflict. The majority of American public opinion, especially that of the Pacific States, which is the most averse to any policy of European " entanglements," has always been keenly interested in Asiatic affairs, and in this area collaborationists and seclusionists have found a common ground for participation in world diplomacy. Already in 1921 the United States took part in the Nine-Power Treaty concerning China, and when ten years later the present Sino-Japanese conflict broke out the Washington Government intervened. On September 22, 1931, Mr. Stimson told the Japanese Ambassador that his Government were much concerned over the Manchurian question, as it might raise questions as to the meaning of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg-Briand Pact. The conflict came up before the League Council, and as it gradually became known that the United States were prepared to participate in any discussions concerning the applicability of those two instruments, the Council, in spite of Japan's objections, invited the United States Government to send a representative

to sit on it. The invitation was accepted, and although Mr. Prentiss Gilbert, the American delegate, was instructed to take part in no discussions except as to the invocation of the Kellogg-Briand Pact as a means for mobilizing world opinion against war, his mere presence was highly significant, as a further step towards United States co-operation in League activities. He did not vote for the Council's resolutions, as the United States are not a member of the League, but the Washington Government made known to Japan that they associated themselves with the spirit of those resolutions. They subsequently declared that they would not recognize any treaty or agreement concluded as a result of the use of force, and whatever one may think of this declaration, it certainly has the merit of representing a definite line of conduct in international affairs on the part of the United States, which had hitherto been lacking. General Dawes was sent to Paris in November to be at the disposal of the Council then meeting there, to confer with it (without sitting on it himself) on matters relating to the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg-Briand Pact. The United States adhered to the Council's resolution of November 25, whereby the appointment of a League commission "to study the Manchurian problem on the spot and report to the Council on any circumstances which, affecting international relations, threaten to disturb peace between China and Japan or the good understanding between them on which peace depends," was decided, and an American, General McCoy, has been appointed as a member of it.

Thus, in spite of mental reservations and subtle distinctions, it appears evident that the United States are drifting into a form of collaboration with the League, although it appears that they can exercise almost as much influence on it as if they were a member. This is but a natural development of their previous course of policy and of their increasing tendency to emerge from seclusion and play a more direct part in all important world affairs.

In the economic field we find the United States also approaching Europe, although from a different angle. Large as is the foreign trade of the country, it is said to represent barely 10 per cent. of its domestic trade, and there has always been a widespread belief in many circles of American public opinion that the United States can exist and flourish without any foreign trade at all. Indeed, one used to hear Americans express the conviction that their country could bring the rest of the world to heel by threatening to refuse to export wheat and other indispensable raw materials of which it held the monopoly. During the last few decades many other countries have come into the field as producers and exporters of raw materials, and the United States can no longer monopolize the trade in them. They then tried to secure control of sources of supply outside their own territory by means of capital investments abroad, operations in which they have not proved particularly successful. But it was by means of mass production that the United States expected to make themselves wholly independent of the rest of the world and, indeed, to dominate world trade, but it was here that unwittingly they came to place themselves into closer necessary contact with other countries. Their industrial plants were so extended during the boom as to surpass any possible increase in the capacity of the home market to absorb their output. The same was being done in agriculture, and the area under wheat was enormously increased in the hope of underselling all competitors and dominating the market. The reckless extension of credits to foreign countries—chiefly Germany and Latin-America—was all part of the same policy, and contributed to make the United States ever more dependent on the economic life of those countries from whom they thought they were becoming wholly independent except in so far as they dominated them.

Then in November, 1929, came the Wall Street crash and the failure of innumerable banks, followed by a

prolonged depression spreading rapidly from the United States to every other country in the world. It soon became clear, as one great company after another went into the hands of a receiver, that the whole economic and financial structure of the United States was threatened, and for the first time for many years large masses of the people felt the real pinch of poverty. In the first instance the catastrophe revived the belief in the merits of the seclusionist policy, and one still occasionally reads articles suggesting that the trouble had its origins abroad and that if the United States could clear themselves of foreign commitments all would be well. But it was soon realized by ever larger classes of people that the nation's economic life was so inextricably tied up with that of the rest of the world that seclusion was impossible. The importance of foreign trade is better grasped now that it is so greatly reduced, and it is seen that America can only become prosperous again if her customers are likewise prosperous.

Finally, we have the question of reparations and inter-Allied debts. The American outlook on this question varies, one may say, according to the education of the various classes or rather according to their greater or lesser contact with Europe. The extreme collaborationists and most of the *intelligentsia* regard cancellation as, on the whole, desirable, inasmuch as it would undoubtedly help world recovery and therefore United States recovery. The bankers and business leaders are of the same way of thinking, but this is not a recommendation in the eyes of the man in the street, at a moment like the present, when financiers are regarded in many quarters as chiefly responsible for the depression and are therefore most unpopular. The seclusionist, the Middle Westerner, the average citizen sees the problem from the point of view of immediate consequences to himself, and objects to any idea of cancellation of debts, as that would mean an increased burden for the American taxpayer. Even if the loss would, as some American economists have

pointed out, only amount to 1 per cent. of the loss caused by the depression, which cancellation would help to eliminate, the man in the street simply thinks of what he will lose to-day and not of what he may gain to-morrow—if the bankers do not secure all the loot for themselves. A third point of view is that of certain self-righteous individuals who profess to fear that cancellation will only provide the wicked Imperialists of Europe with the means of spending more money on armaments. The Government, whatever may be the views of its members, must take all these attitudes into account, especially the second, as it represents a large mass of voters, who are always important, but particularly so on the eve of a presidential election.

Yet the idea of cancellation is gaining ground, if only because more and more people are beginning to regard it as inevitable, even if objectionable, especially since Lausanne practically killed reparations, and various solutions are suggested for the problem in order to arrive at cancellation without admitting it. Ex-Governor "Al" Smith made one constructive proposal, i.e. that the amounts due by each country to the United States should be reduced by the amount of goods purchased by that country in the United States above the average amount of their annual purchases there. Perhaps the strongest argument, from the American point of view, in favour of cancellation, or at least of radical reduction, is the statement of Mr. Andrew Mellon when he was Secretary of the Treasury six years ago, that the debt settlements must be revised on the basis of the debtors' capacity to pay. As reparations have now ceased to exist, it is obvious that settlements made at a time when they were still in operation and when the debtor nations were more prosperous than they are now, need to be scaled down very considerably if not wiped out altogether. In any case, it is evident that the connection between reparations and inter-Allied debts, which was formerly scouted as almost indecent in American official quarters, is now definitely admitted.

All these circumstances show that the trend of public opinion in the United States is in the direction of closer collaboration with the rest of the world, even with the "unclean thing," the League of Nations. The process will be slow, as is always the case with political and economic conceptions in the United States, and it may follow strange and unexpected deviations, but it cannot be stopped, for even the man in the street is coming to realize the interdependence of the world, whether he likes it or not. Europe is often puzzled at the contradictions in American thought and cannot understand how it is that a country which created the League of Nations refuses to join it, and one which has invented cocktails should have established prohibition. To-day the taunt is becoming less apposite, for if the United States are not yet in the League and have not yet repealed the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, they are collaborating ever more closely with the rest of the world within and without the League and are well on their way to getting rid of restrictions which did not restrict.

Above all, no visitor to America can fail to be struck by the new attitude of the average American towards non-American questions. There is a sense of solidarity with the rest of the world which would have been inconceivable twenty years ago, or even ten years ago. The old attitude of self-righteous superiority to things and policies outside the United States is a back number, although one does find Americans boasting of having a bigger and better depression than any other people! Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler's advocacy of a "declaration of interdependence" to be made by every country is typical of the present-day outlook in the country.

The Principles of Agricultural Reconstruction

I.—Internal Reconstruction

By Viscount Lymington

AT Blackpool Mr. Baldwin is reported to have said that tariffs (and he implied protection) are an expedient and an experiment.

But if we consider Mr. John Green's definition of "Toryism as the eternal quest for unity in motive" through which the individual can flourish in freedom and by mutual service, then this can only come about by protection—internal and external. Internally we must build up interdependent responsibility in ownership until industries become organic functions. Externally we must protect these functions from the international anarchy of which home industries are now the microcosm.

Nowhere is this problem more important than in agriculture, since all functions must be dependent on the source of life. Nowhere is it more difficult because of the individuality of the farmer and the force of vested interests, political, industrial and international arrayed against him.

Thus the writer proposes first to deal with the principles of internal organization, and in a following article the principles of external protection.

Denmark, Holland and the Argentine are all waiting. There must be no doubt as to our attitude towards them if we are going to be true to ourselves, or to be good neighbours abroad. Nor does this apply with less force to our inter-imperial policies. It remains therefore to postulate the principles through which constructive action must follow.

If we admit the need of a prosperous agriculture, it must be for three reasons. It must supply the maximum amount of vigorous independent employment. It must

be our second line of defence in war and by way of self-sufficiency our first line of defence in peace. To do this it must be economically sound.

To take the first consideration. An agriculture which apes capitalist industrialism in international trade warfare and the enslavement of the workers to irresponsible ownership will be worse than useless. The Wheat Quota is an example of the possibilities and the dangers ahead of us. As an expedient it is an isolated act to save one part of arable agriculture in the reconstruction period. By itself it will accomplish nothing. It may well encourage a depopulation of the land to the profit of the capitalist by mass mechanization. Mechanism on large areas of land may replace three out of every four husbandmen producing a single crop year after year. But this Bill acknowledges five great principles. In the first place it stabilizes price. Secondly, it limits production to the land more or less suited to wheat growing. Thirdly, it provides a guaranteed market for quality. In the fourth place, it allows freedom within the above limits for the farmer to flourish as an individual, exercising his own judgment and responsibility. Last, it accomplishes this at about one-sixth the cost to the consumer of a tariff designed for the same object. But it shows that we must look to healthy independent employment of workers as our first consideration.

The industries of farming are multiple, but they are largely interdependent. Under modern conditions of mechanized cultivations and artificial manuring, farming for the direct sale of cereals off the land is probably the only branch of agriculture upon which the prosperity of the whole does not seriously depend. It is the branch of agriculture most capable of industrialized methods. It is also at present producing only one-tenth of our total value of farm produce. Cereals are the easiest of all foodstuffs to import and store in reserve in times of war. Moreover, the farming of continuous straw crops by artificial manuring builds up no reserve of fertility in the

soil. Therefore except as an expedient to save arable agriculture from imminent bankruptcy a policy of cereal production by itself fits no fundamental national need.*

On the other hand, the production of perishable foodstuffs is capable of expansion into a function to meet nearly all our needs. Being of necessity individual work, it offers not only the greatest single opportunity of employment in any industry, but provides the type of work where health, endurance, character and individual skill can find the greatest development. In matters of defence it can provide all the food it is most difficult to transport and store in war time. Moreover, in live stock and in accumulated fertility of the land, it forms the best reserve of foodstuffs we can hope for in this over-populated island. Economically it is sound. Britain has the best soil and climate in the old world for live stock, vegetables and the non-tropical fruit. The full development of this side of the industry would help arable agriculture as nothing else would. For instance, a self-supporting pig and poultry industry alone would absorb more than all the products of arable agriculture. The effects would help farming from Land's End to John O'Groats, while the Wheat Quota in general only affects land from Yorkshire to Dorset.

There are opportunities of new employment in live-stock farming and market gardening for over 500,000 workers directly on the land, even allowing for vast improvement in output per man.†

The indirect employment should not be less than

* This is not for a moment to deny the urgency of temporary help to save arable agriculture from extinction in the next few years. Apart from the Wheat Quota a high duty on malting barley, coupled to a lower beer tax is imperative. The sugar-beet industry should be protected by enabling sugar beet to be grown as a cleaning and fertilizing crop paying its own cost on land to which it is naturally suited.

† This figure is arrived at by translating the imports of live-stock products into the number of live stock required to produce these and then reckoning the number of workers required to tend the live stock, or in the case of vegetables and fruit to grow the products. The full details have been given by the writer in pp. 37–44 of "Horn, Hoof and Corn."

another 500,000. But the agricultural employment would be very largely the type through which small holdings can successfully and permanently develop without faddish State interference.

The economics are no less striking. We import normally about £220,000,000 of live-stock products, fruit and vegetables. £200,000,000 of this we could produce ourselves. Even if we allowed for imports of £50,000,000 of animal feeding stuffs we would still be £150,000,000 per annum nearer to living inside our earned income. While the Exchequer and the rates would be saved at least £50,000,000 in unemployment relief.

If this is our objective, it remains to find the permanent Tory method of achieving it.

The first necessity is a guarantee of external protection during the period of development. While this need not bear hardly on the prices to the consumer, it must guarantee a market of fair stability of price to producers of quality. Unless this is assured, all other efforts in expansion and organization must fail.

Those who talk most about the economic blessings of *laissez-faire* are the first to revile the farmer for not co-operating. Cotton spinners and coal owners are not conspicuous examples of successful co-operation. Nor judging by the Kreuger episode are international cartels, while the League of Nations is successful in co-operating only to keep a secretariat busy arranging for conferences to gloss over the failure of conference.

Now husbandry is the most intricate, absorbing and individual of all forms of production. Its devotees must be scientists, vets., meteorologists, mechanics, animal masters, tillage experts, and organizers of labour in conditions changing from day to day and even hour to hour. To ask men so engaged to be expert co-operators, buyers and sellers in the face of a people who have sacrificed production to shopkeeping is to court disaster. The farmer is only the first and most complicated link in the national function of producing and distributing

food. The farmer should be a responsible partner in that function, but it can only be accomplished by freeing him to give his expert service to his own job.

To perform this corporate function we must eliminate waste, restore responsibility and individual effort, and yet retain sufficient corporate control to guarantee quality and prevent exploitation. Each one of these necessities is interdependent. In general they must grow rather in spite of legislation than because of it. Permanence is vital to agriculture reconstruction. The waste caused by disrepair, by uncertainty as to the future, and the break-up of estates through death duties tells its own tale. Equally, the tendency to forget that owning land should be a trusteeship and not a chattel property has become a menace.

If death duties are not to be abolished (as they should be) on all responsibly administered property, then they should be in part remitted against proof of expenditure on large improvements, whilst the remainder of death duties on land should go to works of public improvement for the land, such as forestry, electricity, water schemes, drainage, etc.

At the same time, evidence of bad trusteeship should entail, in extreme cases, confiscation. The corporate industry should be able to provide its own machinery for this.

This should be the first step in restoring permanence and lifting the land out of the hands of the banks. It should bring back responsible leadership in an industry which, because of its intense individualism, needs leadership more than any other.

Beyond this, if the soil itself is to be made fruitful, somehow or other capital, which will not mortgage the future, must be available. In the past the land, like everything else, has been made the victim of irresponsible loans. Given a guarantee of markets and fair prices, the industry through land banks must organize its credits, based well within its own productive capacity. Too

much rather than too little credit is its danger. Only the utter waste of capital through deflation, world dumping, and death duties could justify anything more than seasonal credits.

Terms for the extinction of loans should be set for the shortest possible date. Buildings, drains, water pipes, fences, and implements are constantly needing renovation. No debt should, even in the present bankruptcy of agriculture, outlast the life of the improvement for which it was borrowed.

In the case of live stock and growing crops seasonal credit against the sale of insured produce should only be given. Moreover, the function of the land banks should be to restore the old country bank, where local knowledge of character and ability could make credit a live responsibility for stimulating initiative and checking folly. Through land banks the profits of interest extracted from the industry could be returned to their source to effect further improvement.

The farmer and his neighbour and his landlord must learn among themselves the wisest methods of co-operation or otherwise in production. But as soon as production is accomplished, the machinery of distribution, though corporate, must be divorced from the farmer's business in so far as it concerns the dense areas of population. Many individual farmers may have, or should have, a local milk round. Their wives may organize a local market stall for genuine consumers (not dealers) and so earn their own pin money. But in each case a recognized fair minimum price for standard qualities of produce should be enforced. If this is not done, then the whole business of throat-cutting, waste, and dealers' rings will start again. This was the keynote of English medieval legislation when, on the whole, a higher standard in the necessities of life obtained both for town and country.

With such local exceptions the problem of distribution is not the formation of vast new co-operative societies, but the elimination of unnecessary middlemen and the

use of admirable existing means of distribution like the co-ops., the chain stores, and the United Dairies. Such control as is required over them is that they should become part of a corporate function responsible to producers, shareholders and consumers alike.

The proper disposal of surplus milk for processing as cheese, milk powder or butter and the payment of a fair price for milk of a standard quality would render the threatened annual milk war an impossibility.

Similarly, the existing bacon factories, private or co-operative, could for some years process all the bacon we require, since they largely run at less than half capacity. Once again a guarantee of market and fair price based on efficient costs of production would make this possible. But it would require that the farmer be well paid only for bacon and pigs of the right quality and delivered by contract at stated intervals so as to enable the factory to run evenly at all times.

The fresh-meat industry has at present very poor facilities for slaughter and in general is faced by a none too creditable distributing trade. It will probably have to build this up from the start, save where use can be made of certain very honourable exceptions.

In London, for instance, it is probable that one new abattoir on the scale of a Chicago packer's establishment will have to replace heaven knows what back street places of slaughter and three-quarters of the jobbing and cutting-up trade of Smithfield. In no trade, speaking generally, are profits less well earned, or is waste and inefficiency more striking from the farmer even to the purchasing housewife—and this in a country where roast beef is traditional. The farmer will not only have to be paid according to quality, but according to contracted terms of delivery, failing that he will have to accept prices for chilling meat on a far lower basis. But he should be able to send direct to the abattoir and save about three dealers' profits, and the abattoir should be able to sell direct with guarantee of quality to the retailer

without his even having to buy by personal inspection. The tentative work of the National Mark is beginning to accomplish this. The great saving to the retail butcher in selling foreign meat lies in his avoiding all trouble and risk except that of selling it over the counter.

But in this, as in schemes for the grading, marking and marketing of poultry, eggs, fruit and vegetables, we should avoid ministerial megalomania. Many a small but efficient slaughter-house could probably serve local districts. Organizations must be a personal matter in the long run, which no card index can displace. Industry is suffering from this megalomania of over-rationalization at the top and confusion at the bottom. Let agriculture learn the lesson and let promoters of Government schemes likewise learn it.

Under such a system exploitation would be impossible, the efficient farmer as a responsible unit in a larger unity would fare as well as he deserves to. The inefficient would get neither credit nor profit and inspection would be reduced to a minimum. The inspection would begin and normally end in the quality of the finished product. Farmers and distributors, alike jealous of their standard, would enforce this. The failures dangerous to health would be traced at their source. Failure of standard otherwise would simply teach its lesson by halving the price. Now inspection generally by book-wise officials begins on the farm, to the harassing rather than the improvement of the farmer.

Any system guaranteeing a stable price over a period of years must take into consideration a decent wage for the labourer. One of the advantages of live-stock farming is that, over and above the minimum wage, payment can be made by results. Moreover a corporate industry can give as full an advantage to the family farmer as to the large-scale employer.

Just as there must be permanence and the consequent elimination of waste and irresponsibility in land tenure and in agricultural production, so must there be in the

character of those who work on the land. A very different system of rural education must be introduced. A really sound country education will never be a loss to the child moving to the town, but a genteel and deracinated cramming of book learning can only leave a country child with all his education ahead of him to be learnt too late. In the former case a child would have his instinct and tradition drawn out and supplemented to make him at last a better craftsman than his father.

For the boys it must be an apprenticeship to fuller life in the most skilled and healthy of all work. For the girls an apprenticeship to a home in the place where a home is still the natural centre of existence.

When agriculture has taken its place as first among equals in the corporate functions of the nation, there will be no need to fear a drift of all that is best to the towns.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

> To preserve the peace of the world is the leading object of the policy of England. For this purpose it is necessary in the first place to prevent to the utmost of our power the breaking out of new quarrels; in the second place, to compose, where it can be done by friendly mediation, existing differences; and thirdly, where that is hopeless, to narrow as much as possible their range; and fourthly, to maintain for ourselves an imperturbable neutrality in all cases where nothing occurs to affect injuriously our interests or our honour.
>
> (GEORGE CANNING, in his instructions to his cousin, Stratford Canning, in 1824.)

AT the present moment there is a very real danger that the principles thus laid down by the greatest of our Foreign Secretaries may be forgotten. The Notes and Memoranda, the coming and going of statesmen, and the inspired statements of various kinds, which have been so prominent a feature of the past few weeks cannot but give rise to the most serious disquietude. It is all reminiscent of the period preceding the late war, and no one who has followed at all closely the recent conduct of the Foreign Office can feel any confidence that it appreciates the true interests of Great Britain.

It is already clear that Sir John Simon, like Mr. Henderson before him, lacks real authority, and is too often merely the mouthpiece of the Prime Minister. It is stated in Paris that on more than one occasion Sir John has kept M. Herriot waiting for some considerable time while he telephoned to Mr. MacDonald to find out what he was to say. One need not assume the literal truth of these reports to realize that the mere fact that they are current is exceptionally harmful.

The Distrust of Mr. MacDonald

THE Prime Minister is not universally trusted abroad, and since he is in control of British foreign policy, it follows that Great Britain, too, is too often regarded with suspicion. In our desire to please everybody we have

scattered promises and pledges, often quite contradictory, all over Europe, with the most unfortunate consequences. No one knows what line Great Britain will take in an emergency, and this uncertainty is one of the principal causes of the prevailing unrest. Had we announced our intentions earlier, there would probably not have been war in 1914. If we continue in our present state of indecision, the next outbreak of hostilities cannot be long postponed.

Mr. MacDonald is sensitive, sentimental, and vague: in short, he possesses those very qualities which the man who controls the foreign policy of his country should be without. His ingrained habit of giving each party to a dispute the impression that he privately agrees with him is fatal in international affairs, and the result is that British prestige stands lower in the counsels of the world than for many a long year. Canning laid down for all time the principles that should govern British policy, and if we depart from them, as we are doing, not only shall we make war inevitable, but we shall not have a friend in Europe when it does occur.

The Lytton Report

COMING, as it did, hard on the heels of the Russian recognition of Manchukuo, the Lytton Report was distinct anti-climax. Of the three Powers in the Far East, two, Japan and Russia, are now agreed in respect of the new Manchurian State, and the third, China, is in no condition to make her views heard. In these circumstances, the Report is not likely to prove worth the paper on which it is written.

The only really important passage in the 148 pages of the document is that which runs as follows:—"Since the present political instability in China is an obstacle to friendship with Japan, and is an anxiety to the rest of the world . . . the conditions enumerated above (i.e. for the autonomy of Manchuria under Chinese control) cannot be fulfilled without a strong central

Government in China." In other words, it is no use trying to settle the Manchurian problem until China is united, and as that is not likely to be before the Greek Kalends, one would have thought that the Lytton Commission might have shown its appreciation of the fact by refraining from the publication of a Report, which can only serve to render the existing confusion worse confounded.

The danger is that the busybodies at Geneva will endeavour to persuade the individual Powers, notably Great Britain, to pull the League's, and America's, chestnuts out of the fire by anti-Japanese action in the Far East. Such being the case, the sooner the Foreign Office puts an end to these intrigues by the formal recognition of Manchukuo the better. If the United States wishes to go to war with Japan over Manchuria, let her. Mukden is not worth the bones of a Boy Scout to this country.

The Case for Japan

THE plain fact is that if Japan has no right to be in Manchuria, then France has no business in Tunis, or Italy in Albania, or ourselves in Egypt. Moreover, Japan, with her rapidly increasing population, must expand; and as California and Australia are closed to her, Manchuria is the only possible outlet. China is in the same state of dissolution as characterized the Ottoman Empire of old, and Japan is behaving towards the outlying provinces of the former in exactly the same way as her critics did towards those of the latter. For Europe to censure her is for the pot to call the kettle black.

As for the United States, why should Japan not establish a Monroe Doctrine in the Far East as Washington has done in America? It is a far cry from Haiti to Manchuria, but a treaty has just been concluded between the United States and the negro Republic by which the American marines are to remain on the latter's territory until the end of next year, after which an American

military mission is to organize the Haitian army. Why should Japan be blamed for doing in Manchuria what the United States does with impunity in Haiti? If the League of Nations wishes to establish a reputation for impartiality, let it send a commission to Nicaragua and Haiti to enquire into the behaviour of the United States.

In fine, for the sake of the world's peace, it is to be hoped that the Powers will agree to ignore the Lytton Report, and will steadfastly refuse to allow the problems of the Far East to become entangled with those of Europe.

The Spanish Terror

THE abortive *pronunciamiento* of General Sanjurjo on August 10 last provided the Republican authorities with an opportunity of striking at their opponents of which they were not slow to avail themselves, and it is time that the British public should be made conversant with the methods freely employed by the Spanish Republic to silence all adverse criticism.

The moment that the news of General Sanjurjo's ill-advised rising became known everyone whose loyalty to the regime was in any way doubted was at once put into prison. In Madrid these "suspects" were herded in verminous cells, four or five in each, and they were compelled to use the one bed in turn. At Guadalajara conditions were even worse, for in the prison there they were obliged to set watchers at night against the enormous rats that then made their appearance. Nor was the danger of being poisoned by any means remote, for the head of a noble Basque family, who was detained in the Town Hall of Irun for the night of August 10, was informed by the woman who brought him his meals that she had been asked to put sulphuric acid in his food. The Conde de los Villares, who was arrested in the sleeping-car between San Sebastian and Madrid merely for criticizing the Government, was imprisoned in the same cell as a madman, and has lost his reason as the result.

These examples, a few among many similar ones,

concern, it must be remembered, people against whom no definite charge had been made, and the type of evidence upon which they were incarcerated may be imagined by the case of the Marqués de Manzanedo. He is the chairman of the National Association, and the porter at the offices of this organization one day took in a parcel left by an unknown messenger. Within an hour the police arrived, found the parcel, which they had themselves sent, to contain sixteen revolvers, and the Marqués de Manzanedo was put into prison, where he has since remained. The Duque de Medina Celi was arrested on the evidence of a dismissed servant, in the best French revolutionary style. One of the most prominent citizens of Cadiz has been deported because he was heard to say that the old Spanish flag had a national significance, because it was common to all Spaniards, whereas the new one was not. A Benedictine monk has been fined Ptas. 500 for having inserted in a parcel, opened by the authorities, a slip of paper imploring the recipient to "pray for poor Spain distracted by sectarianism."

The Deportations

AS if these barbarities were not enough, the Republic decided to deport 138 of the prisoners to Africa, although few of them had been tried, and the vast majority were merely under arrest as "undesirable suspects." The place of exile chosen for them was Villa Cisneros, a desolate spot on the edge of the Sahara, where the bare necessities of life are lacking to such an extent that all water has to be brought in tanks from the Canary Islands. The deportees, who include three dukes and a large number of officers, arrived at Villa Cisneros on September 29.

The boat which was used for the conveyance of these unhappy men was the *España No.* 5, which was formerly a German cargo-boat, confiscated during the war, and lately used in the cattle trade. The prisoners were compelled to carry their own trunks on board, and the

type of accommodation provided for them can be gauged from the fact that the bunks were a mere 60 centimetres apart, while for mattresses there were canvas sacks stuffed with straw. No glasses were supplied for drinking purposes, and the deportees had to drink out of washing-jugs; and the general conditions on the ship were so bad that the cats had been devoured by the rats even before she left harbour. When it is remembered that the prisoners, of whom a mere handful had ever appeared in court, were all of gentle birth, the hardships of the deportation become the more apparent.

Moreover, when in the spring a number of Communist gunmen, drawn from the dregs of the population, were deported to Spanish Guinea, a far healthier place than Villa Cisneros, they were sent in the liner *Buenos Aires*; while before their departure (they have since been repatriated) the chairman of the Compaña Transatlántica visited the ship, and ordered extra comforts. Those who are still inclined to question whether the Spanish Government is not conducted on Bolshevist lines would do well to ponder these facts.

The State of Republican Spain

MEANWHILE, the condition of Spain itself, under republican rule, is steadily going from bad to worse. When the revolution took place in April of last year the municipality of Madrid had a balance to its credit of Ptas. 70,000,000, but it has now had to ask the Cortes for a subsidy of Ptas. 8,000,000 for ten years on account of its penury. Then, again, the committee for building the university city, in which King Alfonso took so great a personal interest, had Ptas. 96,000,000 in its coffers when the monarchy fell, but there is not a centimo in them to-day. The natural consequence of the collapse of authority has been the revival of brigandage in the *sierra*, and on September 19 there was a particularly bad case at Teba, the birthplace of the Empress Eugenie, close to Ronda, so dear to English visitors.

It is only in the persecution of his opponents of the Right that Señor Azaña displays any activity, and in this direction he is certainly not remiss. During the holiday season hundreds of spies and *agents provocateurs* were sent to French and Spanish holiday resorts, and even children were employed as eavesdroppers on the beach. The postal authorities are forbidden to deliver letters addressed to people by their titles. The nobility have been deprived of their land without compensation, save for recent improvements. Returning visitors speak of squalor and filth, even in Seville and Granada, and of the hordes of beggars that pester one at every turn. Such is the state of Spain after eighteen months of the Second Republic.

A Plea for the Habsburgs

AUTHORITATIVE works in the English language on foreign politics are unfortunately all too scarce, and for that reason *The Life of the Emperor Charles of Austria* by Herbert Vivian (Grayson and Grayson, 18*s*.) is the more to be welcomed. The author's avowed object, which he undoubtedly achieves, is to vindicate the late Austrian Emperor, but in doing so he has written a most valuable account of the history of the Danubian countries during the past thirty years. Indeed, this is one of those rare works that will prove equally attractive to the general reader, the professional historian, and the student of politics, who will all neglect it to their loss.

The break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire was the greatest misfortune of the many that resulted from the war, just as the refusal of the Powers to allow the Archduke Otto to ascend his father's throne is the gravest injustice of the peace. The consequence has been the creation of a number of independent States, too small to live but too large to die, inspired by an extravagant nationalism that is at the bottom of the growing unrest in Europe. In this connection it is not without interest to note that the two leaders, Horthy and Gomboes, of that Magyar oligarchy which did so much to precipitate

the late war, and which is ruining Hungary to-day, were the most determined (and treacherous) opponents of the Emperor Charles.

The Habsburgs have always kept before them the true function of monarchy, namely, the promotion of the national interest as opposed to the sectional. In 1918, when the heresies of history became the orthodoxy of the moment, Charles suffered for his principles. The result has been chaos in all the wide lands that once owed allegiance to Vienna, and that chaos will continue until the Habsburgs are recalled. Mr. Vivian has placed us all in his debt by his clear analysis of Danubian politics, and he has shown once more that only through a general restoration of monarchs to their thrones can Europe attain peace and security.

The American Elections

AN American correspondent writes: "It is probable that Franklin Roosevelt will be the next President of the United States. Until the end of August, it seemed that the Republican Party's superiority in organization, prestige and wealth would, as usual, result in victory. But during the past six weeks there have been signs of a bitter anti-Hoover movement in the popular mind. There are several explanations of this belated distaste for Mr. Hoover: (1) there is, except on the stock market, no real improvement in financial affairs; the country, therefore, tends to assume that the latest much-advertised effort at 'reconstruction' will prove as fruitless as its predecessors; (2) Mr. Hoover is disliked by most of his party, and by almost all newspaper men, with the result that efforts to combat the drift of opinion are notably half-hearted; (3) Mr. Hoover, possibly through no fault of his own, has a face that expresses the maximum of smug self-regard. This suited the mood of 1928; but to-day it seems lacking in taste; (4) the administration made a ludicrous blunder in dealing with the so-called Bonus Army, i.e. the unemployed ex-service men who

marched on Washington, camping in the outskirts of that city in order to enforce their demand that Congress pass a bonus bill. Having ejected these men with unnecessary violence, the Administration announced that many of them were not ex-service men at all, and that the Bonus Army included 'an extraordinary proportion of criminal and communistic elements.' This seemed probable enough; but it so happened that the Chief of Police of Washington had made a *bona fide* investigation of the men's records, and he countered the Administration's statement with a deadly reply, in which he showed, first, that the men were genuine ex-soldiers, and second, that the Bonus Army, so far from having 'an extraordinary proportion of criminals,' contained a smaller proportion of men indicted for actual crimes than the Harding Cabinet to which Mr. Hoover once belonged, or even than Mr. Hoover's own original Cabinet! . . . An Administration which is weak, ugly, and ridiculous can hope for little mercy at a time when things are going wrong.

The Further Outlook

"IT would be well for the English to realize that no matter who may be elected next week there will be no significant change in American policy in regard to international finance. The tariff will remain high, though not quite so high as recently; the cancellation of war debts will still be opposed (more vociferously than ever if Mr. Roosevelt, with his Hearst affiliations, should be elected); and America's surplus gold will still be hoarded, for the country, irrespective of party, is frightened of foreign loans or investments. No matter how sincerely the financiers may wish to play the gold standard game, according to the old rules, they will not be allowed to do so—unless some genius, at the next World Conference, discovers a formula that will totally conceal what is taking place."

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

September 16th.

A DAY'S fishing on the Wylye. Ideal conditions; a mist in the early morning, which was dispersed about 10.30 a.m. by warm, mellow sunshine. As ever, our water meadows seemed to be the home of abiding peace. It occurs to me that peace, which is fast becoming a rarity in our modern life, is a precious thing. Possibly I am getting old, but I do not fish so fiercely as in years gone by. I'm forty, and I'm beginning to appreciate the true value of the fisherman's seats, which have been placed by a discerning committee at fitting intervals alongside the stream. Seated on one of them I can watch in placid contentment the inhabitants of the river—fish, bird, and beast—in the pursuit of their more or less lawful avocations, while the theme song of the water runs through the whole play. Still, at times, I bestirred myself to serious business. Result: Three brace of good grayling, but only one takable trout, 1¼ lb. Are the trout more wily than of old, or has my hand lost its cunning? I don't think there's much change either way. The only difference is that to-day it is sufficient for me to be in the meadows, even whether I catch any fish or not. I'm away from all my business cares: no telephone can reach me; nobody in a car can get at me—I am safe for a few hours. It is enough.

September 17th.

I paid the men this morning. Of course, I should have done this yesterday, but I went fishing instead. This sort of thing is not only grossly illegal but also just one more instance of capitalistic tyranny over the working man. Why should my men get their wages a day late because their lazy employer goes fishing? However, I had the grace to apologize to one of my stalwarts, who said, "Tha's all right, zur. I bain't one

o' they 'and to mouth vellers, as cain't goo wi'out me money fur a day er two. Did 'ee 'ave good luck eesterday?"

September 18th.

Having seen that the demands of my customers were satisfied—we do two retail deliveries on Sundays—I went off to Wexcombe, and spent a pleasant and instructive afternoon with Mr. A. J. Hosier. Nobody can make a visit to Wexcombe, however short, without feeling that the time has been well spent. Having revolutionized dairying, Mr. Hosier is well on the way to doing the same for the poultry industry, which he has superimposed on his grass land dairying. The people who state so firmly that grass land always produces less than arable should visit Wexcombe, and then they would realize that British farming has progressed somewhat since the 'fifties, when wheat was, quite rightly, king. Whether it would help their minds to progress a trifle is a moot point. It does not matter where you go, or to whom you talk—scientists, doctors, engineers, farmers, professors of political economy—all are agreed that in Mr. Hosier Wiltshire possesses a great man. I heard him described the other day as the Henry Ford of English farming.

September 20th.

Salisbury Market Day. Although I had no farm business to do, I went to market after lunch. I am not one of the noble army of farming martyrs who attend this mart one day, that mart the next, and so on; I went to-day to do my duty on the local N.F.U. committee. The same arguments both for and against, were used in connection with the Milk Crisis. I will venture a prophecy that history will have repeated itself before October 1, and that it won't come to a scrap at all. Sometimes I think that I would like to see it come to a showdown. Everybody says that both sides are bluffing, and some of us would like to find out how much. Of one thing I am

sure. The milk trade has more to lose by the disorganization of their business certain to be caused by a fight than have the farmers. In fact, the latter have everything to gain and nothing to lose by a struggle. I always prefer to play a higher handicap man when giving him his proper strokes, than to draw him in a scratch competition, when he has nothing to lose and I have everything. The milk trade is in like case. South Wilts farmers can claim that they have gone in for self-help in connection with this annual milk fight, much more than a good many of their brethren. For some years now they have had a society to manufacture its members' milk, should ever the need arise. I received a note from the secretary this morning, stating that the depots were ready for work, and that they could deal with my milk on October 1. The capital investment for this safeguard was only 6s. per cow.

September 22nd.

I went to a farm sale to-day. It rained the whole time, and was beastly cold with it. An especially interesting sale in one way, as there were a hand-milked herd and an outdoor machine-milked herd offered. To-day the machine-milked cows sold just as well as the hand-milked cattle. This is a great change, for, a few years ago, most buyers would have fought shy of the machine-milked cows. I bought seven of these at times prices. One likes to think as a buyer that wet weather enables one to buy a little cheaper, but I don't think there's much in it. Rain keeps the non-business company away, but not the others.

September 24th.

This evening, dairy books, dairy books, and then more dairy books. I am writing up this diary at a quarter past twelve a.m. on Sunday morning, with a huge pile of dairy books on my desk, the result of my evening's labours. It is at these moments that I feel convinced

that the middleman earns all he gets. By the way, the milk war is over; I got a telephone message late this evening.

September 26th.

One of the springing heifers I bought on Thursday has given birth to twin calves. If she had been less prolific, it would have been better for her, and also for me. Still, mother and children are doing as well as can be expected. My dairyman, Charlie, hopes that the other six springers will behave themselves and produce single calves only. What a difference in outlook the outdoor man has to the indoor dairyman as a general rule. Instead of looking at every purchase of fresh cows as meaning additional work for him to do, he is always egging me on to buy more and more. He knows that the machine will do the actual work of drudgery, and he is proud of his outfit.

September 27th.

The squealing of some porkers, which we were loading into a lorry this morning, brought back to me very vividly a shadow from the past. The mists of memory rolled aside for a while, and I saw that same farmyard on a morning some thirty years ago. *Der Tag* has arrived —in other words, the pigs are going to be killed. In the yew tree outside the back door of the farmhouse hides a small boy, who, from this lofty secret perch, obtains a bird's-eye view of the farmyard. He wants to be present at the execution, but dare not appear until the right moment, as there is a little matter of business still unsettled between him and Bill, the farm foreman. A day or two before he was nearly caught redhanded, fishing for the ducks from the top of the cowyard wall with a worm on an eel hook. Were he to appear on the scene before the proper time, Bill would be sure to send him home as a punishment. There are three executioners, Bill, the dairyman, and a gawky youth called Charmer. The small boy watches them cross the yard. He sees

Bill take a piece of thin strong cord, and make the required loop. Even when Bill disappears into the victim's sty, the small watcher knows exactly what is taking place. In fancy he can see the loop placed loosely around the pig's snout, the pig biting the lower curve of it, and then Bill pulling the noose tight around its upper jaw. There is a snort, a squeal, and a bustle. "Open the door, Charmer. Look alive," says Bill. The door opens and closes quickly, and a struggling procession consisting of Bill, Charmer, the dairyman, and the pig, makes its drunken way along the pathway, and disappears through a door into the rickyard. As it vanishes it gains another adherent, for, grasping firmly the tail of the pig, is a small boy in a dirty pinafore. The psychological moment has arrived.

October 4th.

I keep on worrying about this currency business. It matters not from which angle I approach our farming problems, I always get back to currency. It occurs to me that instead of worrying about our farming ills, if the Government were to tackle this problem, and give us a fair yard stick with which to measure our goods, most of our industry's difficulties would solve themselves. Until this is done the farming industry will be in a mess, no matter what other political action is taken. Supposing in 1925 a farmer could settle a certain financial liability by producing one lamb, what is he to do to-day to discharge the same debt? Is he to say to his ewes, "Look here, old ladies; last year you had one lamb each, this year, simply and solely because something has gone wrong with the world's currency, you must have three lambs each, or I shall go broke; and next year, if anything further goes wrong with the currency, it may be necessary for you to have six lambs each?" That may sound Gilbertian, but, if this currency business is not tackled soon, the situation will develop from Gilbertian comedy into grim tragedy.

October 7th.

Up bright and early this morning. I was going away for the week-end on business, and wanted to get everything in working order before I left. I had intended to leave at 10 a.m., but, as usual, fate conspired against me. A hundred and one things turned up to keep me busy until after 11 o'clock. Why do my heifers always calve on Sundays, or on occasions like these, when I want to get off somewhere? Verily, a farmer is, and I suppose always should be, the servant of his farm.

October 10th.

Returned home after an enjoyable and satisfactory week-end. A pile of letters on my desk from all sorts of people about all sorts of things. One reviewer says that Writer Street is running away with Farmer Street. There's more truth in that than he imagines, and I thank him for the warning. I am in danger of becoming what my grandmother used to call, "Too flip." A more bovine outlook is required of me. I will write this next in large letters. TO-MORROW I WILL GO AND COMMUNE WITH MY COWS. After all, not only are they representatives of the largest and most important branch of our farming industry, but they provide me with most of my material for writing in addition. Neither the National Government nor I appreciate their virtues sufficiently.

October 11th.

In spite of all my good resolutions I have once again neglected my cows. By the time I had dealt with my letters, and straightened out my retail business, which had run fairly well in my absence, it was nearly lunch time. Still, I did the next best thing—I had a long talk about them with Charlie, while he was getting to-morrow's cake ready in the barn. Apart from the customary minor troubles all was well. As usual, Charlie could do with a few more heifers. Five springers will fix him up for the

winter. Must see about this. This evening I suddenly realized that it was Michaelmas day. Years ago, some five weeks earlier, on the Saturday before Wilton Fair, September 12, I used to go round and agree with each of my men about going on together for another year or not. For several years now, none of us has bothered about this agreeing business. Is this because I realize that I have an efficient staff, or that they realize that they have good jobs, or because, in spite of the general depression in farming, we are using this land to the best advantage in the interests of the whole community, and thereby we can all keep our jobs?

October 12th.

To-day, at least this morning, I have done my duty—I have walked round every cow on my farm. You cannot do this too often. It is by so doing that one soaks in the knowledge which really matters, and which one cannot obtain from anybody else or from textbooks. A good stockman can tell you long before there is any definite symptom that all is not right with an animal. When my old dairyman says, " I wish you'd come an' 'ave a look at Wold Bluebell, zur. She bain't exactly," I know that almost invariably he is right, and that in twenty-four hours or so it will be obvious to anyone that " Bluebell is far from exactly." This morning I arrived at my in-calvers just in time to help Charlie with a calving case. Together we managed after some little trouble to bring it to a successful conclusion. It is surprising how satisfying it is to me to do this sort of thing. One feels that one has done something worth while for once, and justified one's existence. Writing about farming is all very well, but it cannot be compared to doing it. When I am busy on my farm what may or may not be happening in the great world outside this little part of Wiltshire fades away into insignificance. This morning Charlie and I have saved the life of a calf. There are a good many folk who have done less.

October 14th.

Another farming day. Cows and cows and cows. It is not often that we plough, sow, or reap on this farm now, but while therefore we cannot claim to be true farmer's boys in the old sense, we are undoubtedly the servants of cows. This morning we shifted the milking outfit to a new pasture. I could not help contrasting the easy and efficient way in which we did this to our amateurish efforts of some years ago. My fellows have got this job off. The same thing struck me in the afternoon, as I was watching the milking. Anyone who did not understand the finer points would think that they were doing nothing. By hook or by crook Charlie shall have his five extra springers. I'm sorry to find that this diary seems to consist of nothing much but cows, but I cannot help it. My life is ruled by cows, morning, noon, and night, and this must affect my writing.

> So, when the scribbler's day of gloom comes round,
> And ne'er a blessed topic can be found;
> He'll write, as now I write, until I drowse,
> On cows, and cows, and cows.

The Theatre

By E. D. O'Brien

CHILDREN IN UNIFORM: Duchess Theatre.
WORDS AND MUSIC: Adelphi Theatre.

A PLAY less pretentious and more effective than *Children in Uniform* at the Duchess Theatre it would be difficult to imagine. Happily it is not didactic, nor, in spite of the popular impression created by the film version, *Mädchen in Uniform*, does it tread any dangerous ground. Those, therefore, whose taste has been vitiated by the portentous and empty sermons on Life, with a capital "L," which are apparently the dramatic stock in trade of our "great" modern playwrights with their inflated reputations and inflated incomes, should stay away. So, too, should those who (purely as students of psychology, of course) are looking for new light on obscure perversions. For this play will satisfy neither group.

For myself, it is a long time since I enjoyed an evening at the theatre so much. The play's simplicity, its emotional sincerity, and the authoress's delicate and sensitive treatment of an unusual theme, are such that one's interest is held from curtain rise to curtain fall. When to this is added the competent production of Leontine Sagan, and acting which is uniformly good (this, in spite of the fact that a large and by no means the least important part of the play has to depend for its success on the efforts of children actresses), the majority of the ingredients of a fine play are to hand.

The Individual *versus* the Machine is perhaps a somewhat hackneyed theme. In this case, however, the Individual is a school girl, and the Machine, the school, and the ideals which it is struggling desperately to preserve. The period of the play is present-day Germany, and the school is one for the daughters of that class comprehensively and inaccurately described by the *Daily Herald* as "Junker" (English phonetic pronunciation). In the face of economic and political adversity

the struggle to keep the institution, with its monarchist and militarist traditions, going at all has been a stern one. Because the authorities feel that to compromise in the smallest degree with the enemy without the school gates—the ideas and the laxities of the Republic—would be to betray the spirit and render finally impossible the return of the older and better things, the discipline is impossibly rigid. In fact, a rule worthy of *der alte Fritz* himself is apparently thought necessary in order that the daughters of the Fatherland may "one day" be fit wives and mothers of its militarily and culturally regenerated sons.

When Manuela, the penniless, motherless, and sensitive daughter of a distinguished army officer, is thrust on to such a scene by a somewhat inhuman aunt, it is obvious that the Individual is in for a thin time. The bareness, the insufficient food, the repeated injunctions of the desiccated headmistress to her second in command to be "stricter, Kesten, stricter," would be bad enough in themselves. But it is the lack of any kind of compensating warmth or affection that most affects the highly strung Manuela.

The only human being in the place is Fräulein von Bernburg, the most popular of the mistresses, and it is natural then that the child in her abject misery should gravitate towards her. Natural, too, that the mistress, who herself believes in the ideals of the system of which she is part, should have a stern struggle between her loyalty to the school regulations and her protective instincts towards the girl. Finally, however, the emotional proves the stronger appeal. The mistress departs from her rule of strict impartiality and comforts the child by showing her interest in and her affection for her.

Alas! One fateful evening, Manuela, drunk with her success in the school play, and with the punch provided at the subsequent supper, is overheard by the headmistress defiantly proclaiming her grateful love for her protectress—and the heavens are not slow to fall. For her "sin," though in her pathetic and innocent bewilder-

ment Manuela can only repeat, "What have I done?", the punishment is (once the Grand Duchess's visit is safely over) isolation and perpetual separation from the mistress, the one person who had hitherto made her school life at all tolerable. Manuela takes her life. And the shaken but indomitable headmistress is left to bring down the curtain with the words, "What shall we tell the Grand Duchess? We must tell her that there has been an accident."

In a summary, which is necessarily brief, it is impossible to give an adequate impression of the restrained emotional power of the play. As I have said, here is no sermon. Unlike the English "public school" novel, it does not set out to prove from the discomforts of misunderstood genii the principle that authority and discipline are vaguely wrong. Indeed, for the authoress, a German writing a tragedy of domestic Germany, it would be difficult to do so. For her race, the *fact* of discipline does not assume the same terrifying proportions as it does for the modern English. (Is it not faithfully recorded that German Communists fleeing before a baton charge in a public park, kept strictly to the paths because it was "on the turf to tread strongest policely forbidden"?) But on the curiously insensitive brutality of the North German attitude towards order, the unintelligent regimentation which bears the same relation to intelligent organization as *rigor mortis* bears to voluntary muscular control she hangs her tragic apparatus. And the result is a little masterpiece.

For their contribution to the enjoyment of my evening I should like to thank Cathleen Nesbitt (the Headmistress), Joyce Bland (Fraul. von Bernburg), and Jessica Tandy as Manuela. Of the children—an admirable team—I should particularly like to felicitate Betty Davies (Ilse) and Roona Blake (Edelgard) on their performances.

A line about *Words and Music*, which last month eluded review. No one would deny Noel Coward's gift decorative, his sense of the theatre, and the ability which

springs from it of putting over any amount of technically excellent material. This is present in full measure in *Words and Music*. If the Music is in some instances not quite up to the standard of the words, the author will be forgiven if only for that wonderful policeman in *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, or for the Charity Matinée sketch.

But I am tired of hearing this " great satirist " talk about Coward. Any but the most indifferent of marksmen may expect to bring down a sitting haystack at close range. It is only the first-class gunshot that can tumble down pheasant after pheasant standing at the bottom of a Devonshire valley with a fifty-mile-an-hour wind blowing off the top of the cover. To caricature the easily caricaturable is not the mark of satiric genius.

And the " Haw Dammes " (" no matter how much we sozzle and souse, the sun never sets on Government House ") have been prostrate for years. They were never equipped to stand up to the onslaughts of a real intellectual like Noel Coward, and the " Children of the Ritz " are not worth his powder and shot. So in heaven's name why, when there are so many heads waiting to be broken, and so few stout-hearted people to do it, why go on battering away at these poor, bald crania, and the silly, empty little heads? But I repeat, the policeman is a gem.

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By Herbert Agar

Conscienceless Biography

THE worst faults of modern irresponsible biography are illustrated in "The Wife of Rossetti," by Miss Violet Hunt (Bodley Head). As a creation of the imagination, the book is compelling; as history it is hard to excuse. Miss Hunt hates almost every character who appears in the book, and above all she hates Rossetti and his wife, Elizabeth Siddal. She pictures their lives as an unremitting horror into which no hope intrudes, their characters as beyond redemption or respect. If she had evidence with which to prove her point, her book would be a valuable but painful contribution to our knowledge of human nature. If from the sordid and decrepit soul with which Miss Hunt endows Rossetti there could come some of the loveliest verse and painting of the nineteenth century; and if such a dull, flabby, and exhausted spirit as Miss Hunt's Elizabeth Siddal could inspire a love which, however tortured, was a startling fact to all who knew the Rossettis, and which has lived in men's memories as something bright and terrible through two generations; if these things were possible, then life would indeed be a tale told by an idiot. But are they possible? For her deadliest

statements Miss Hunt relies on hearsay—which cannot be disproved, but which would only deserve attention if Miss Hunt showed herself meticulously accurate on the points where she can be checked. Actually, she shows herself slipshod and conscienceless.

The book is full of silly little mistakes, such as a misquotation from one of Rossetti's best-known sonnets, the statement that his first book of poems was called "Poems and Ballads," and the statement that there was a seventeen-year interval between "The Germ" and the Oxford frescoes. Also, it has mistakes of a more disturbing character, showing Miss Hunt's ignorance of the literature on the period. She says, for example, that Swinburne had a copy of the Marquis de Sade's "Justine" at Eton. It happens to be an important point for an understanding of Swinburne, and M. Lafourcade has studied the question with care and proved that it was not until long after Swinburne left Eton, until after he had left Oxford, that he saw "Justine." It also happens that we have a letter of Swinburne's, written in 1861 (eight years after he had left Eton) in which he thanks Milnes for the "promise that I am yet to live and look upon the mystic pages of the martyred Marquis de Sade." . . . But the most important of the errors in Miss Hunt's book is one that can only be described as unscrupulous. The high point of her story is the statement that Rossetti, on the night of his wife's suicide, had quarrelled with her bitterly and had then dashed out of the house to spend a few hours with his mistress, returning "soothed and satiate" to find Elizabeth Siddal dying. And Miss Hunt disposes of Rossetti's own statement that he had gone to the Working Men's College, and that it was his regular night to go there, by a footnote: "No, it wasn't." When Mr. Richard Sunne, in "Time and Tide," pointed out that this "No, it wasn't" was contradicted by other statements in Miss Hunt's own book, her reply was, "Mr. Sunne is surely right. My note 'No, it was not'

(Rossetti's Evening at the Working Men's College) is a mistake: notes nearly always are!" Doubtless they are, when written by Miss Hunt; but is not this a somewhat airy way of disposing of a nasty misstatement? If the note was a mistake, then presumably the whole tale about Rossetti leaving his agonized wife, and rushing off to his mistress, was a mistake. The biggest mistake of all was the title of the book; for if "The Wife of Rossetti" had been published as fiction, dealing with admittedly imaginary people, it would be tolerable.

The Chaos of Criticism

BOTH the strength and the weakness of modern literary criticism are shown in "The Great Victorians," edited by H. J. Massingham and Hugh Massingham (Ivor Nicholson and Watson). The book is a collection of essays by forty well-known contemporary authors on forty of the most eminent Victorians—the purpose being to give an idea of what our age thinks of the age that preceded it. The editors state that they have "purposely chosen men who have entirely opposing views." Certainly, its authors would not have had less common ground had they been chosen from different centuries, or different races; and its editors appear to have applied no critical standard except to demand that each essay should be "provoking." Obviously, the easiest way to be provoking is to be silly, and some of the contributors to "The Great Victorians" have gladly accepted this solution of their problem. Mr. W. J. Turner, for example, in his essay on Swinburne, is steadily supercilious and annoying. For instance, in seeking to controvert the belief that Swinburne was a master of verse technique, Mr. Turner writes, "Those of his poems which least offend the ear have nothing more than a fluency and smoothness in common stanza forms which is not beyond the capacity of any minor verse-writer. Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang have a virtuosity of

this kind that is quite equal to Swinburne's." Perhaps Mr. Turner has never heard verse read aloud.

Modern Criticism at its Best

"THE GREAT VICTORIANS," however, also shows modern criticism at its best. Such an essay as that on Charlotte Brontë, by Miss Rebecca West, has a high degree of clarity, intelligence, and psychological acumen. It is in this latter quality that the modern spirit excels. Having no firm hold on external reality, whether physical or supernatural, the modern mind has learned to explore itself with increasing profundity and honesty. The result, in such a critic as Miss West, is a striking capacity to suggest an artist's motives, and to explain a work of art in terms of the life of its creator. Such criticism has great merit, and can make a true contribution to the understanding of literature, and hence of life. But it can never be finally satisfying; for it carefully avoids considering the most important problem—the problem of relating the work under discussion to some reasoned and meaningful view of life. Miss West is scornful of the efforts of those who, in the modern world, are seeking to find a standard, and hence an absolute value; yet this is the most important work to be done to-day, in the field of thought and art. If the fact needed proving, this book would prove it, with its eclecticism, its ground-tone of cleverness gone to seed, its fundamental lack of aim.

The Victorian Dilemma

THOUGH illuminating in regard to the problems of modern thought, "The Great Victorians" is disappointing as a contribution to our knowledge of the nineteenth century. It stimulates the reader to ask many of the important questions, and then provides so many answers that the result is the same as no answer at all. This is a pity; for anyone who seeks to make

sense out of the world of to-day must begin by understanding the Victorians. Their problems are our problems, only in a less acute form. The solution which they attempted, and the reasons for the failure of that solution, are vital factors in our dilemma to-day. . . . Into a society which still had its fundamental principles in common, and whose social institutions still seemed strong, there were introduced the disturbing and closely-related factors of science, industrialism, and democracy. The old world of the eighteenth century was not strong enough to stand unchanged in the face of such new factors; but it was strong enough not to give in completely. Hence the Victorian Compromise, which sought, alike in politics and thought, to find a half-way ground, preserving the essential features of the old world while placating the new forces with concessions that did not seem disastrous. The result was liberalism in thought and bourgeois plutocracy in politics. Because of the prosperity provided by the new industrialism, the compromise lasted longer than most compromises have done, and seemed almost to become a stable institution in itself. To this day men talk about the certainty and serenity of the Victorian Age; actually, however, it had no inherent stability. Carlyle exposed its weakness before the middle of the century; and after 1850 the Great Victorians were increasingly aware that much was rotten in their civilization. Matthew Arnold stated the hopelessness of the dilemma in lines that remain applicable to this day; Rossetti took refuge in a reasoned æstheticism, Swinburne in an unreasoned revolt; Newman saw the problem in its true terms, perceiving that the compromise on which the whole age rested was unstable. As Father D'Arcy states in the present book, " He may have been unfair in giving the name of Liberalism to the movements he viewed with such apprehension; but he was not in my opinion wrong in diagnosing what would happen, in foretelling a Waste Land and a Brave New World. . . . He knew too well the trade routes of

human ambition, and what is conservative or corrosive of belief."

The Modern Problem

IT is a childish evasion to blame the modern world on the Great War. It is also a harmful evasion, since it suggests that merely by postponing the next war we are doing something constructive. The only constructive course is that which is derided by Miss Rebecca West, and ignored by most of the other contributors to this instructive book.

"My World as in My Time"

MEMOIRS OF SIR HENRY NEWBOLT. (Faber & Faber. 18s.)

THE title page of Sir Henry Newbolt's Memoirs bears this quotation:

> It tikleth me about myn hertës roote
> That I have had my world, as in my time.

The speaker of these words, Chaucer's Wife of Bath, is perhaps as unlike Sir Henry Newbolt, in temperament, upbringing, attitude to the opposite sex, and general philosophy of life, as one human being can be unlike another. Sir Henry Newbolt may have realized this, for he refrains from appending her name to the above quotation. An ungallant omission! Had the situation been reversed, had the Wife of Bath sought in the writings of Sir Henry Newbolt for an appropriate text for her Memoirs, how heartily and publicly would she have thanked him for "play up, play up, and play the game!" One can imagine the scene, and imagine, too, what little headway Sir Henry Newbolt would have made, had he attempted to explain that the game referred to was cricket.

The Wife of Bath with her train of husbands ("What a set!" as Matthew Arnold would say) is as real to us as to Chaucer's contemporaries. We understand the complacency with which she looks back over her life, because we recognize that it springs from the harmony between her instincts and her experience. Within her limits she is a complete nature. Her single talent was well employed. Her world still stands.

About the firmness and stability of Sir Henry Newbolt's world one is more doubtful. Sir Henry Newbolt, one need hardly say, is a far more complex and finely-wrought nature than the Wife of Bath. It is, indeed, only Sir Henry Newbolt's own example which could nerve one to the unseemly juxtaposition of the poet-critic and the inordinate engulfer of husbands. Yet the loving retrospection of the Wife seems more natural to us than Sir Henry Newbolt's. We can hear the rich voice in

"It tikleth me about myn hertës roote," but the answering echo from Sir Henry Newbolt sounds thin and mournful.

Born in 1865, Newbolt went to Clifton at the age of thirteen. Thirty years later he gave an account, in the third person, of his first impression of the School Close: "In the distance were buildings—in front lay a wide green sward, level as a lawn, flooded with low sunlight, and covered in every direction with a multitude of white figures, standing, running, walking, bowling, throwing, batting—in every attitude that can express the energy or the expectancy of youth." A sudden perception, however vague or distant, swept over him, of the meaning of the scene, a glimpse behind the beauty of the white young figures of the finely-planned order and long-descended discipline they summarized.

The key to Sir Henry Newbolt's life and character is in this adoration of his public school. "It's a pure marvel, a School," he writes elsewhere, "and the intangible, invisible thing we call 'House-feeling' is about the most wonderful thing in it." The exact significance of this enthusiasm is made clear by another passage in which Sir Henry Newbolt says that the recollection of his own thoughts has always been vague, and that he has found it hard to recall, and not always easy to understand, the strength of his feelings. A sensitive spirit, not very richly endowed, is an easy victim to any form of collective emotion. It seeks to supplement an inward poverty by loyalty to the nearest available institution, and the smaller the institution the more ardent, because the more easy of attachment, is the loyalty.

But such loyalties are usually paid to institutions the members of which are grown men. It was reserved for the late Victorians to feel a religious devotion to seminaries for the instruction of the young. The causes of this phenomenon were complex. To explain the phenomenon as briefly as possible it may be regarded as a reaction against Dr. Arnold. Living in an age which

had been shaken by the French Revolution and Napoleon, Arnold tried to lay a firm foundation for English society in the religious training of the young of the upper classes. The result of his efforts, which were not supported by a wide knowledge of human nature, was a reaction from a pedantic piety to sentimental paganism, and the Jehovah of Rugby Chapel became the maudlin amalgam of Greek and Hebrew ideals who in Bowen's school songs blesses football and cricket as the only instruments of salvation.

The emotional life of Sir Henry Newbolt, seeking sustenance in illusions, has always, it appears from his memoirs, been in conflict with his fine intelligence. He admits that when he was at Clifton "the passion for games was itself beginning to resemble a disease"; and when he went up to Oxford he was disgusted ("disappointed" is the term he actually uses) by the bad manners of the College athletes. But "the white young figures" of Clifton Close was an image whose lack of any significance to a mature mind he could never persuade himself of, and he became one of the chief cultivators of a legend which flourished most luxuriantly in the decade before the Boer War. This legend almost amounted to a belief that the type turned out by the Public Schools was the final flower of mankind, that all history was only a record of vain attempts to produce the ideal figure of innocence, courage, loyalty and service embodied in such a portent as Kipling's Brushwood Boy. Twin-brother to the Brushwood Boy is Sir Henry Newbolt's young officer, in "He fell among Thieves," who passes the hours before his execution by Afghan bandits remembering the best hours of his life, pony rides with his father, house-matches, the vision of Oxford dons serenely getting through their dinner in Hall, and so on through a series of memories not one of which is peculiar to himself or recalls an individual experience. No less free from the taint of individualism are the great fighters of England's past as resurrected in Sir Henry

Newbolt's verse. Nelson, Drake, and the rest turn out to have been not men of boundless ambition and savage determination to excel, but Old Cliftonians, anxious only to make runs for the side. It was a game of cricket, one suspects, not a game of bowls which Drake was playing in when the Armada sailed into view, and it was doubtless not to deprive the other side of a certain victory that Drake insisted on the game being played to a finish.

The Public School myth was damaged by the Boer War, in which a few bands of farmers, none of whom had been within several thousand miles of Clifton Close, held their own against armies officered by Brushwood Boys. The Great War damaged the myth even more severely, and it will soon be no more than an historical curiosity. It is perhaps an unconscious realization of this which accounts for the dejected tone of these memoirs. There is much of interest in them, they are simply and in places charmingly written, but there is nothing in them to warm the "hertës roote." There will be a difficult quarter of an hour for Sir Henry Newbolt when he tries to explain his title page to the Wife of Bath on the further shore of the River Styx.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Thackeray

THACKERAY: A PERSONALITY. By MALCOLM ELWIN. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

A WORD of Thackeray's own prevented any formal biography, so much disgusted was he at the whited sepulchres in which many Victorians were commemorated. One effect of this implied prohibition was to magnify certain notions about him, his alleged snobbery and extravagance, the eventual quarrel with Dickens, and so forth. Mr. Elwin, who has evidently scoured as widely as he could, reduces all this to proportion and leaves us with the impression of a harassed man desperately trying in his youth to live by journalism when his patrimony (still rather mysteriously) disappeared, and then, when success had come some fifteen years later, still desperately working for more money in order to leave

his daughters with, if possible, ten thousand apiece. Novel-writing by monthly instalments, lecture-tours in London, twice in America, in the Provinces, in Scotland, completed a strenuous and exacting life, to which Thackeray's natural restlessness, some inherent disease, and a careless disregard of medical advice, contributed. It is a hectic story that seems horribly modern, but the absence of repose can be condoned when we remember that his wife's early mental breakdown left Thackeray virtually without a home, and tantalized rather than comforted by his attachment to Mrs. Brookfield. A restless man, a man of moods, not too well treated by fortune, and thrust into a set whose manners and quarrels were a bad example from which he did not escape until he became prematurely old; such does much to explain himself and the various opinions he excited.

It is to his personality that Mr. Elwin confines himself; and the book fails if its intention was to present a picture of a great man. This is not the fault of the material, but of the treatment. His circumstances are more distinct than his character. The whole narrative is presented in the flat; the style is undistinguished and too full of abstract words. It will be read for its facts and statements, but it will not finally supersede, in spite of the evident care taken, the previous (not definitive) biographies. A more vivid, if much briefer, portrait lurks in the biographical pages of Professor Saintsbury's "A Consideration of Thackeray," where there is light and shade enough to throw the character into relief. Here, on the other hand, we have praiseworthy research and information, but the photograph has been under-exposed.

OSBERT BURDETT.

An English Don Quixote

MY DIARIES. By WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT. (Martin Secker. Cheap Edition. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE are 920 pages of these diaries, now published for the first time in a cheap edition, covering a period from 1888 to 1914, so that no reader can reasonably complain of not getting his money's worth. But Blunt's diaries are characterized by quality as well as quantity, which will not come as a surprise to those familiar with the attributes of his best verse. The clarity and unpretentiousness of the prose make easy as well as excellent reading.

Without unduly minimizing the interest or the importance of the subject-matter, which ranges from Paris in the time of Napoleon III, through Arabi's revolt in Egypt and Lord Cromer's subsequent administration, to the Boer War and various features of Edwardian and Georgian politics, most people, I think, will feel that it is in the revelation of the author's personality that lies the main charm of the book.

Blunt may, indeed must, have been a maddening person to have to deal with in practical matters, but there can be no doubt at all of the fascination of his person both physical and spiritual. This rich Sussex landed proprietor, with his close connections with the English governing caste, used every penny of his riches and every ounce of his influence to further the causes he had at heart. He was essentially Don Quixote reincarnated in an English gentleman of the nineteenth century. His windmills were, in the abstract, Imperialism and International Finance; in the concrete, Cecil Rhodes and Lord Cromer. Where they were concerned he was a fanatic; not even Cecil Rhodes's remarkable will found justification in his eyes.

Similarly, nothing that an Arab did could be wrong. A burnous for him covered far more sins that ever did charity. For this reason he passed unjust judgments in plenty, notably with regard to the English in Egypt and the Italians in Tripoli. But does it matter? Does one go to a passionate idealist for balanced judgment? Blunt gave the world what he had to give unflinchingly, generously, and many of his gifts were precious. A poet in action, a crusader for losing or lost causes, he at least never sheltered or spared himself. He was not a mere Whig; he went cheerfully to prison in the cause of what he would have called " Irish Freedom," and in this action may be found a typical instance of everything, both valuable and dangerous, that he stood for: the real sacrifice for an ideal in which he believed destined to lead in practice by ineluctable stages to the terrorism of the I.R.A.! Would he have acted differently if he had seen the ultimate result? It may be doubted. To some men abstractions remain always more important than concrete realities. To Blunt, the most lovely things in the world were Liberty (with the biggest of capitals) and horses. It is, perhaps, not a mere coincidence that two of the " oppressed nationalities " on whose behalf he went a-crusading were precisely those—the Arabs and the Irish—to whom the horse is something of a fetish.

FRANCIS TOYE.

A Sincere Bohemian

UNDER THE FIFTH RIB. By C. E. M. JOAD. (Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

MR. JOAD'S book, which is discursive in form, is less an autobiography than an entertaining record of his opinions on all subjects, from the boringness of women to the disappearance of his conscience. The book reads like easy, unrehearsed conversation in good company. Above all, Mr. Joad is an honest writer. The average man would not admit, even to himself, that he had come to rely in conversation "upon my memory for epigrams as habitually as I relied upon my inventiveness for my facts," a confession which is incidentally itself a borrowed epigram. Even more candid is his confession that when he has been hard up he has preferred to keep the luxuries, such as music and travel, and has "dispensed with the so-called necessities—such as decent clothes, washing and haircuts." Only a very sincere bohemian would include "washing" among his list of dispensable things.

Few socialists, again, would confess that their socialism sprang originally "from the pride of the intellect rather than the sympathy of the heart." "It is saddening to realize," adds Mr. Joad, "that while my capacity for sympathy has widened in middle age, so that I now feel imaginatively the ills of mankind, my zeal for their alleviation has correspondingly decreased."

I read with peculiar interest Mr. Joad's attack on the modern cult of unreason, for I had been accused of paradox in attempting to prove that the thirteenth century was an age of reason and the present century an age of blind faith. Radically though Mr. Joad and I differ in most of our views, and in particular as to what beliefs are, or are not, reasonable, we at least agree in our old-fashioned respect for reason. Mr. Joad attributes the modern cult of unreason very largely to the influence of psycho-analysis and behaviourism, and his diagnosis of our modern malady is both brilliant and discerning. ARNOLD LUNN.

The Short Story

THE ENGLISH REVIEW BOOK OF SHORT STORIES. Edited by HORACE SHIPP. Foreword by FORD MADOX FORD. (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.)

MR. SHIPP, in his notable introduction, says that "The short story is a form demanding exact breadth-length. Sometimes its vortex circles about incident; sometimes centres in

character, or widens into atmosphere. Like all forms of fiction, its test lies in whether it has created a sense of reality—has made life out of words." This definition raises the question, What can the short story accomplish? What, however, can it not accomplish?

It is noticeable in European literature that up till about 1850 the short story nearly always dealt with incident; and when not with incident, almost without exception either with character or with dialogue, or, again, with character illuminated by dialogue, dialogue subserving an incident, an episode, a "situation." Until about the same date the manner was leisurely; in the very old stories rather garrulous; but on the other hand, wit, so prominent in the short stories of the approximate period 1660–1790, fell into a very secondary place when once the leisurely manner became unfashionable. The fictional character-study, by becoming one of "characters" (a reversion to the seventeenth-century genre), often accounted for eccentricity and oddity by something strange or perhaps merely quaint in the atmosphere; Dickens had much to do with the evolution and the popularity of the odd. But atmosphere in the modern sense—something not so much accompanying and increasing the interest of the story, as dominating the story by capturing the most significant share of one's attention—arose, I believe, from the influences set afoot by two apparently, not actually, very different schools in art and literature: the pre-Raphaelites in England, the Parnassians abroad. Did not the pictorial fixity of the former, with a certain representational and symbolical emotion, suggest an atmosphere that, for all its frequent stiffness, was the result of an emotion crystallized at a significant moment, a character seized at a momentous, an almost sacramental point of his life, a scene that stood at the core of an episode? Did not the Parnassians, by their very *coolness*, take some of the flame out of action and either subordinate it to the circumstances, i.e. to the atmosphere, or picture it as static—in other words, "atmospheric." The story of incident, of character, is clear, direct, easily comprehensible; the story of atmosphere cannot be very clear, it is much rather indirect than direct, and, while it should be specifically "felt," it baffles intellectual comprehension. Atmosphere, too, can be employed in an infinity of ways, only the more obvious of which have hitherto been used; but it is along these lines, I believe, that the short story, to judge by the present, will develop in the future. There are, in this collection, first-class tales of

incident by Rolf Bennett, W. Gilhespy, Austin Harrison, "Alan Kemp," and Grant Watson; character inspires some excellent work by May Sinclair, Tennyson Jesse, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, John Galsworthy, and Ellen Burgess; atmosphere charges with significance the stories of Algernon Blackwood, Hubert Banner, Rhys Davies, C. J. Eustace, Violet Hunt, R. Ellis Roberts, and Mary Webb.

Such a collection as this (the value is greatly enhanced by Mr. Shipp's short notice on every author) is a stirring proof of the fact that the short story is a "natural," important, life-pulsating art-form and not, as one sometimes hears it suggested by those who cannot write good fiction or by fiction writers who cannot make a success of the short story, a cheap commercial substitute for such a form. The evidence offered by this anthology would tend also to indicate that while the short story is changing, it is changing only very gradually; the *tempo* has, indeed, slowed down since the death of Katherine Mansfield and D. H. Lawrence.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

More Whig History

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE: RAMILLIES AND THE UNION WITH SCOTLAND. By G. M. TREVELYAN. (Longmans. 21s.).

THE Muse of English History has long been a lady of decidedly Whiggish proclivities, and Professor Trevelyan is a suitable priest for such a goddess. The difference between him and Lord Macaulay is that between the writer who prefers to be *suaviter in modo* and the one who would rather be *fortiter in re*, but the end is the same, namely, to create in the reader's mind the impression that the Revolution of 1688 was one of the greatest events of all time, and that those who opposed it were either fools or knaves.

The present volume has this advantage over its predecessor, that it makes little pretence of impartiality, and is, in reality, nothing more than a presentation of the Whig case, though from time to time there is a superficial appearance of fairness which is calculated to deceive the unwary. Professor Trevelyan makes not the slightest attempt to understand, still less to interpret, the Tory and Jacobite point of view; and if he does pay a tribute to the personal character of James III, it is only because it enables him the more easily to blacken that monarch's supporters. In effect, the book is a panegyric of Marlborough, so it is necessary

to vilify the cause which the author's hero so treacherously abandoned in 1688, and Professor Trevelyan sets about the task with a zeal that never flags from the first page to the last.

The five chapters devoted to the Union betray an ignorance of the true position in Scotland at that time unusual in a Regius Professor of Modern History. Miss Cunningham's admirable work, "The Loyal Clans," was probably published too late to be available to the present author, but the information upon which it is based was open to him, had he cared to make use of it. Instead, he has preferred to write a mere travesty of Scottish history, while it never seems to have occurred to him that if the reigns of Charles II and James II had been so disastrous for Scotland, it was certainly a little odd that there should be so many Jacobites in the northern kingdom. Actually, of course, the Stuarts protected the clans from the exploitation of Professor Trevelyan's Whig friends.

The author is equally blinded by prejudice in his treatment of the general European situation. He never loses an opportunity of sneering at the Emperor for preferring the interests of the Habsburgs to those of the Duke of Marlborough, and only those nations which were prepared to send their troops, without argument, to the ends of the earth to suit the convenience of Corporal John earn the author's praise. In fine, this volume is pleasant enough reading, but it is far from being serious history.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS.

PRE-WAR, 1904–1914. EARL WINTERTON. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. J. L. GARVIN. 2 vols. (Macmillan. About 25s. each.)

BERNARD SHAW: LIFE AND LETTERS (authorised). ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. (Appleton. 30s.)

SOCRATES. A. E. TAYLOR. (Davies. 5s.)

THE LETTERS OF JANE AUSTEN, 1796–1817. (Oxford University Press. 42s.)

NAPOLEON'S MOTHER. R. MCNAIR WILSON. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.)

NAPOLEON. HILAIRE BELLOC. (Cassell. 16s.)

LIFE OF LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH. J. A. SPENDER and CYRIL ASQUITH. (Hutchinson. £1 16s. 0d.)

[*Continued overleaf*

Books Recommended—*continued.*

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

LIFE. DESMOND MACCARTHY. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)
AFTER DEMOCRACY. H. G. WELLS. (Watts. 7s. 6d.)
1933 AND STILL GOING WRONG! J. B. MORTON. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 6s.)
THE PRE-RAPHAELITE COMEDY. FRANCIS BICKLEY. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)
FORM IN MODERN POETRY. HERBERT READ. (Sheed & Ward. 2s. 6d.)
THOUGHTS AND ADVENTURES. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. (Thornton Butterworth. 18s.)

FICTION.

MEN OF NESS. ERIC LINKLATER. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
FAMILY HISTORY. V. SACKVILLE-WEST. (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.)
FIRST LESSON. "JAMES ASTON." (Chatto & Windus. 8s. 6d.)
THE PROVINCIAL LADY GOES FURTHER. E. M. DELAFIELD. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)
THEY WERE DEFEATED. ROSE MACAULAY. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON. ERNEST HEMINGWAY. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)
FLOWERING WILDERNESS. JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
FRIDAY'S BUSINESS. MAURICE BARING. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
THE NARROW CORNER. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

HISTORY.

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. Vol. II. LEON TROTSKY. (Gollancz. 18s.)
EGYPT SINCE CROMER. LORD LLOYD OF DOLOBRAN. Vol. I. (Macmillan. About 21s.)

VERSE.

NEWS FROM THE MOUNTAIN. RICHARD CHURCH. (Dent. 5s.)
ARMED OCTOBER. LAURENCE WHISTLER. With Illustrations by REX WHISTLER. (Cobden-Sanderson. 5s.)